

THE POETICAL WORKS OF
ROBERT BURNS

VOLUME III



LONDON
GEORGE BELL AND SONS YORK STREET
COVENT GARDEN

1875.

CHISWICK PRESS -- PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND A. E. KINS,
TOWER COURT, CHANCERY LANE

THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS



THE POEMS OF BURNS
THREE VOLUMES
VOL III



SONGS.

THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.*

TUNE — 'OWRE THE HILLS AND FAR AWA.



HOW can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and
braw,
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa?

Its no the frosty winter wind,
Its no the driving drift and snaw;
But ay the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a:
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonie lad that's far awa.

Allan Cunningham observes, "This Song, which occurs in Thomson's Collection, was written, it is said, in allusion to the treatment of Jean Armour by her father, when he heard that she had not dismissed the Poet from her heart, but still kept up a correspondence." It has been collated with a copy in Burns' autograph.

A pair o' gloves he gae to me,
 And silken snoods* he gae me twa;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will clead the birken-shaw;
 And my sweet babie will be born,
 And he'll come hame that's far awa.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.†

TUNE—'BANKS OF BANNA.'



YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
 A place where body saw na';
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.
 The hungry Jew in wilderness
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bluss
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ribands for binding the hair.

† In April, 1793, Burns wrote to Thomson: "'Shepherds, I have lost my love' is to me a heavenly air—what would you think of a set of Scottish verses to it? I have made one to it a good while ago, but in its original state it is not quite a lady's song. I enclose an altered, not amended copy for you, if you choose to set the tune to it, and let the Irish verses follow." "A Dumfries maiden, with a light foot and a merry eye, the handmaid at an inn, was," says Allan Cunningham, "the heroine of this Song, which was considered by Burns to be the best love-song he ever composed."

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah !
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms,
I give and take wi' Anna !

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day !
Awa, thou pale Diana !
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a' ;
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna !

POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk and state may join, and tell
To do such things I mauna :
The kirk and state may gae to hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna.
She is the sunshine o' my ee,
To live but her I canna ;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

BANKS OF DEVON.*



OW pleasant the banks of the clear-
winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and
flowers blooming fair!
But the boniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

* Burns says, "These verses were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James Mackittrick Adair, physician. She is sister to my worthy friend Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of the Ayr; but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon. I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness, and got the notes taken down for this work"—the Musical Museum. On the 12th December, 1787, he wrote to Miss Chalmers (afterwards Mrs. Hay), "I enclose you a proof copy of the 'Banks of the Devon,' which I present with my best wishes." Writing of her to her brother in September in that year, he said, "Of Charlotte I cannot speak in common terms of admiration: she is not only beautiful but lovely—her form is elegant; her features not regular, but they have the smile of sweetness and the settled complacency of good nature in the highest degree, and her complexion, now that she has happily recovered her wonted health, is equal to Miss Burnet's. Her eyes are fascinating, at once expressive of good sense, tenderness, and a noble mind." He intimated to Miss Chalmers his intention of paying her a "poetic compliment," saying, "I am fixed that it shall go in Johnson's next number, so Charlotte and you need not spend your precious time in contradicting me. I won't say the poetry is first rate, though I am convinced it is very well; and, which is not always the case with compliments to ladies, it is not only *sincere* but *just*." He alludes to her in several other letters to Miss Chalmers, the originals of which, Cromeek says, "were thrown into the fire by the late Mrs. Adair, of Scarborough, the Charlotte to whom the Banks of Devon is addressed."

Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,*
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is Simplicity's chuld.

Awa, &c.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.

Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
When Phoebus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

Awa, &c.


But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

Awa, &c.

Phillis was a Miss Phillis M'Murdo, afterwards Mrs. Norman Lockhart, sister to "Bonie Jean," both of whom were pupils of his friend Mr. Clarke. For a notice of these ladies see ante.

STREAMS THAT GLIDE.

TUNE—' MORAG '

 STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by winter's chains!
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with foulest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands :
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave ;
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood ;

Allan Cunningham says, " This Song was written soon after Burns' visit to Gordon Castle in 1787, and enclosed to James Hoyer, then residing with the Duke of Gordon."

Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonie Castle Gordon.

THE DE'IL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.



HE De'il cam fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;
And ilka wife cry'd, "Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' your prize, man.

" We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And monie thanks to the muckle black De'il
That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

" There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
Was—the De'il's awa wi' the Exciseman.
We'll mak our maut," &c.

This Song was printed in the Glasgow Collection of Burns' poems in 1801.

Cromek states that at a meeting of his brother Excisemen in Dumfries, Burns, being called upon for a Song, handed these verses extempore to the President, written on the back of a letter.

BLITHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

TUNE—'LIGGERAM COSH.'

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me ;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me :

Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me !
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring :
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glowr,

In June, 1793, Burns wrote to Mr. Thomson: "You know Fraser, the hautboy player in Edinburgh—he is here instructing a band of music for a fencible corps quartered in this country. Among many of the airs that please me, there is one, well known as a reel by the name of 'The Quaker's Wife,' and which I remember a grand-aunt of mine used to sing, by the name of 'Liggeram cosh, my bonny wee lass.' Mr. Fraser plays it slow, and with an expression that quite charms me. I became such an enthusiast about it, that I made a song for it, which I here subjoin; and enclose Fraser's set of the tune. If they hit your fancy, they are at your service, if not, return me the tune, and I will put it in Johnson's Museum. I think the song is not in my worst manner."

In September following Burns said, "'Blythe hae I been o'er the hill' is one of the finest songs ever I made in my life; and besides, is composed on a young lady, positively the most beautiful, lovely woman in the world." Allan Cunningham states that Miss Lesley Baillie, who is elsewhere noticed, was the heroine of this song.

Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling ;
 Underneath the grass-green sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.*

TUNE—‘ HUGHIE GRAHAM ’



WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
 And I, a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing :

On the 25th June, 1793, Burns wrote to Thomson “ Do you know the following beautiful little fragment, in Wither-
 spoon's Collection of Scots Songs ?

Air—*Hughie Graham.*

O gin my love were yon red rose,
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonie breast to fa' !
 Oh, there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night :
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd away by Phoebus' light.

“ This thought is inexpressibly beautiful ; and quite, so far as I know, original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, unless you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself for a musing five minutes, on the hind legs of my elbow-chair, I produced the following : [i. e. the first two stanzas of the song.]

“ The verses are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess ; but if worthy of insertion at all, they might be first in place ; as every poet, who knows anything of his trade, will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke.”

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude !
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonie breast to fa' !

Oh, there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.*

TUNE—'CAULD KAIL.



COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur :

* In August, 1793, Burns wrote to Thomson: "That tune, 'Cauld Kail' is such a favourite of yours, that I once more roved out yesterday for a gloamin-shot at the Muses; when the Muse that presides o'er the shores of Nith, or rather my old inspiring dearest nymph, Coila, whispered me the following. I have two reasons for thinking that it was my early, sweet, simple inspirer that was by my elbow, 'smooth gliding without step,' and pouring the song on my glowing fancy. In the first place, since I left Coila's native haunts, not a fragment of a poet has arisen to cheer her solitary musings, by catching inspiration from her; so I more

And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her ?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.


Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure ;
'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure :
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever !
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never.

than suspect that she has followed me hither, or at least makes me occasional visits secondly the last stanza of this song I send you in the very words that Coila taught me many years ago, and which I set to an old Scots reel in Johnson's Museum If you think the above will suit your idea of your favourite air, I shall be highly pleased." It is said that this song was addressed to Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns; while others consider Jean Lorrimer to have been its heroine.

WHERE ARE THE JOYS.

TUNE—'SAW YE MY FATHER?'

IN September, 1793, Burns wrote to Thomson: "I have finished my song to 'Saw ye my Father,' and in English, as you will see. That there is a syllable too much for the *expression* of the air, is true: but, allow me to say, that the mere dividing of a dotted crotchet into a crotchet and a quaver is not a great matter: however, in that, I have no pretensions to cope in judgment with you. Of the poetry I speak with confidence, but the music is a business where I hint my ideas with the utmost diffidence. The old verses have merit, though unequal, and are popular. my advice is to set the air to the old words, and let mine follow as English verses. Here they are."—

 HERE are the joys I have met in the
 morning,
 That danc'd to the lark's early song?
 Where is the peace that awaited my
 wand'ring,
 At evening, the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim, surly winter is near?
 No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known.
 All that has caus'd this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny, fau Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Nor hope dare a comfort bestow.
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

O SAW YE MY DEAR.

TUNE—'WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBIT.'

ON the 19th October, 1794, Burns wrote to Thomson: "To descend to business; if you like my idea of 'When she cam ben she bobbit,' the following stanzas of mine, altered a little from what they were formerly when set to another air, may perhaps do instead of worse stanzas."

Allan Cunningham says, "the despairing swain is supposed to be Stephen Clarke, the musician, and the lady, Miss Phillis M'Murdo."

On the same occasion Burns said, "These English Songs gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. I have been at 'Duncan Gray,' to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid. For instance."—



SAW ye my dear, my Phely?
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new
 love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou'st broken the heart o' thy Willy.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.*

TUNE—'FEE HIM, FATHER'



THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—

* Burns wrote to Thomson in September, 1793: "'Fee him, Father.'—I enclose you Fraser's set of this tune when he plays it slow; in fact, he makes it the language of despair. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style; merely to try if it will be any improvement. Were it possible, in singing, to give it half the pathos which Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirably pathetic song. I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in which *Patie Allan's mother died, that was about the back o' midnight*; and by the lee side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company, except the hant-bois and the muse."

I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never !

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken ;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking ;
Soon my weary een I'll close—
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken !

MY CHLORIS.

TUNE—' MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND '

IN November, 1794, Burns wrote: "In my last, I told you my objections to the song you had selected for 'My lodging is on the cold ground.' On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris (that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration) she suggested an idea, which I, on my return from the visit, wrought into the following song. how do you like the simplicity and tenderness of this pastoral? I think it pretty well."



Y Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lay'rock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings:

For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted ha' ·
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel ma^y survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.*

TUNE—'DAINTY DAVIE.'



MT was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe ;

* Burns wrote to Thomson in Nov 1794, "Despairing of my own powers to give you variety enough in English songs,
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From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
 Perch'd all around on every tree,
 In notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe;


Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.
 Lovely was she, &c.

I have been turning over old collections to pick out songs, of which the measure is something similar to what I want; and, with a little alteration, so as to suit the rhythm of the air exactly, to give you them for your work. Where the songs have hitherto been but little noticed, nor have ever been set to music, I think the shift a fair one. A song, which, under the same first verse, you will find in Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, I have cut down for an English dress to your 'Dainty Davie.'

•“ You may think meanly of this, but take a look at the bombast original, and you will be surprised that I have made so much of it.”

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE—'DUNCAN GRAY.'

ET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove:

Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

O PHILLY.*

TUNE—'THE SOW'S TAIL.

HE.



PHILLY, happy be that day
 When, roving through the gather'd hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
 Where first I own'd my maiden love,
 Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
 To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
 Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,

On the 19th November, 1794, Burns wrote to Thomson. "You see, my dear sir, what a punctual correspondent I am; though indeed you may thank yourself for the *tedium* of my letters, as you have so flattered me on my horsemanship with my favourite hobby, and have praised the grace of his ambling so much, that I am scarcely ever off his back. For instance, this morning, though a keen blowing frost, in my walk before breakfast, I finished my duet which you were pleased to praise so much. Whether I have uniformly succeeded, I will not say; but here it is for you, though it is not an hour old."

According to Thomson, "the heroine was Miss Phillis M'Murdo, of Drumlanig. Whether the Poet had any person in his eye for 'Willy,' he had not," he said, "been able to ascertain."

So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weat
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
 And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
 My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
 And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie!
 I care na wealth a single fie;
 The lad I love's the lad for me,
 And that's my ain dear Willy.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.*

A BALLAD.



HERE were three Kings into the east,
 Three Kings both great and high,
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
 Put clods upon his head,

This Ballad was first printed in the second edition of Burns' Works in 1787, where he says, "it was partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name," and he made no alterations in it in his last edition of 1794. Mr. Cunningham considers that "the merit of originality belongs to the old bard; some of the verses are word for word the same, and those which are altered, have suffered little change in the sentiment. The version of Burns is more consistent, but not more graphic than the old strain."

And they hac sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ,
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ,
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ,
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgel'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,

They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise ;

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS

TUNE—'ROY'S WIFE.'

CHORUS.



CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
 Well thou know'st my aching heart,
 And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
 Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?

Burns, on the 19th November, 1794, wrote to Thomson: "Since yesterday's penmanship, I have framed a couple of English stanzas, by way of an English song to 'Roy's Wife.' You will allow me, that in this instance my English corresponds in sentiment with the Scottish. Well! I think this to be done in two or three turns across my room, and with two or three pinches of Irish Blackguard, is not so far amiss. You see I am determined to have my quantum of applause from somebody."

Dr Currie says, "To this address, in the character of a forsaken lover, a reply was found on the part of the lady, among the MSS. of our bard, evidently in a female handwriting; which is doubtless that referred to"—in his letter to Thomson in September, 1793, where he observes, I have the original words of a song for the last air, in the hand writing of the lady who composed it, and they are superior to any edition of the Song which the public has yet seen.

Tune—*Roy's Wife.*

CHORUS.

Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
 Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
 'Tweel thou know'st na every pang
 Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
 An aching, broken heart, my Katy?
 Canst thou, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
 Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.
 Canst thou, &c.

Tell me that thou yet art true,
 And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven,
 And when this heart proves false to thee,
 Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.
 Stay, my Willie, &c.

But to think I was betrayed,
 That falsehood e'er our love should sunder!
 To take the flow'ret to my breast,
 And find the guilefu' serpent under!
 Stay, my Willie, &c.

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
 Celestial pleasures, might I choose 'em,
 I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres
 That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.
 Stay, my Willie, &c.

Mr Allan Cunningham has added a curious note to this Song: "This reply was written by a young and beautiful English woman, *Mrs. Riddel*. She alludes to her quarrel with the Poet she took a flower to her bosom and found a serpent under. In that metaphorical way she intimated that the Poet had the presumption to attempt to salute her—a piece of forwardness which a coldness of two years' continuance more than punished."


That such an act of impertinence should have been committed by Burns, and indignantly resented by the lady, is extremely probable; but it would be an insult to her memory to suppose that she adverted to the circumstance, or in any way alluded to him, in those tender verses. If the cause of *Mrs. Riddel's* displeasure be correctly stated, the Poet had little reason to charge her with *caprice* (vide vol. i.).

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—‘AYE WAUKIN O.’

IN May, 1795. Burns sent Thomson the following Song, and asked him, “How do you like the foregoing?”

CHORUS.

ONG, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber e'en I dread,
Every dream is horror.
Long, &c.

Hear me, Pow'rs divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, &c.

WHEN GUILFORD GOOD OUR PILOT STOOD

A FRAGMENT ⁴

TUNE—' GILLICRANKIE.'

WHEN Guilford good our Pilot stood,
 An' did our hellim thraw, man,
 Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
 Within America, man :
 Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
 And in the sea did jaw,† man ;
 An' did nae less, in full Congress,
 Than quite refuse our law, man.

Th en thro the lakes Montgomery takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man ;
 Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
 And Carleton did ca', man :
 But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec,
 Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

This Fragment was printed in the Edinburgh edition of Burns' works, in 1787.

† The English parliament having imposed an excise duty upon tea imported into North America, the East India Company sent several ships laden with that article to Boston, and the natives went on board by force of arms, and emptied all the tea into the sea.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
Was kept at Boston ha', man ;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man .
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckskins claw, man ,
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guilford too,
Began to fear a fa', man ;
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure.
The German Chief to thraw, man .
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man ;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game ;
Till death did on him ca', man ;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to Gospel law, man ,
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man ;
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man :
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
' Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man ;
While sleet Dundas arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man :
An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired Bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' Willie, rise !
' Would I hae fear'd them a', man ?'

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man ;
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man ;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To make it guid in law, man.

• • • • •

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.*

TUNE—' CORN RIGS ARE BONIE.'



T was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
'Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

* Burns inserted this Song in his first edition, printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, and made only very trifling alterations in those of 1793 and 1794. Allan Cunningham says, "It is generally believed in the West of Scotland, that Annie Ronald, afterwards Mrs. Paterson, of Aikenbrae, was the inspirer of this charming Song." He adds, "that the Poet was a frequent visiter at her father's house while he lived in Mossiel."

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely;
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking.
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

FAREWELL TO ELIZA *

TUNE—'GILDEROL.'

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore ;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my Love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh !

The "Eliza" of this song, which occurs in the first edition of his poems, was, says Allan Cunningham, "Elizabeth Barbour," to whom his thoughts turned when refused by Jean Armour. She was the Miss Betty whose taste in dress he praises in one of his epigrams, and the "Bess," whose leg, "sae straight, sae taper, tight and clean," is noticed in the first edition of "The Vision," (vol. 1.) But Mr. Thomson states that the heroine was Miss Miller, afterwards Mrs. Templeton of Mauchline. These verses were written in consequence of his intention to go to Jamaica.

MY NANIE, O



BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shill;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An owre the hill to Nanie, O.

This Song was printed in the Edinburgh edition of 1787.

In Burns' Private Memoranda in April, 1784, he says, "Shenstone finely observes, that love-verses, writ without any real passion, are the most nauseous of all conceits. and I have often thought that no man can be a proper critic of love-composition, except he himself, in one or more instances, have been a warm votary to this passion. As I have been all along a miserable dupe to love, and have been led into a thousand weaknesses and follies by it, for that reason I put the more confidence in my critical skill, in distinguishing foppery and conceit from real passion and nature. Whether the following song will stand the test, I will not pretend to say, because it is my own; only I can say it was, at the time, genuine from the heart."

In October, 1792, he said, "In the printed copy of 'My Nanie O,' the name of the river is horribly prosaic, [i. e. Stinchar:] I will alter it,

Behind yon hills where *Lugar* flows.

Girvan is the name of the river that suits the idea of the stanza best, but Lugar is the most agreeable modulation of syllables." "The heroine," says Allan Cunningham, "was Nannie Fleming, a servant in Calcothill, near Lochlea."

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young ,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile My Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O .
The op'ning gowan, wa'wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O ;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

Dur auld Guldman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ,
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O ;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.*

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.



REEN grow the rashes, O ;
Green grow the rashes, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, O !

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
Green grow, &c.

* This well-known song was printed in the second edition in 1787. Burns says in his Private Memoranda in August, 1784, "I shall set down the following fragment, which, as it is the genuine language of my heart, will enable any body to determine which of the classes [i. e. species of men] I belong to."

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she glases, O;
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

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NOW WESTLIN WINDS.*

TUNE—'I HAD A HORSE, I HAD NAE MAIR.



OW westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
 The moorcock springs, on whirring
 wings,
 Among the blooming heather:
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
 To muse upon my charmer.

Composed in August. The heroine of this song, which occurs in the *Kilmarnock* edition, was the "Montgomery's Peggy," who refused the Poet's hand at a very early period of his life. She will be again noticed under the song so called.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells ;
The plover loves the mountains ;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring hern the fountains .
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander ;
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ,
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

But, Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow .
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly .
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
' My fair, my lovely charmer '

THE BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE.*

TUNE—‘PREPARE, MY DEAR BRETHR’N, TO THE TAVERN
LET’S FLY.’



O churchman am I for to rail and to
write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or
to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-bellied bottle’s the whole of my care.

The peer I don’t envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho’ ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That the big-bellied bottle’s a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform’d me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

* This song was printed in the Edinburgh edition in 1787.

'Life's cares they are comforts,'* a maxim laid
down

By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the
black gown;

And, faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair,
For a big-bellied bottle's a heav'n of care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care.

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.†

TUNE—' ROSLIN CASTLE.'



HE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;

* Young's Night Thoughts. R. B.

† "I composed this song," which was printed in the Edinburgh edition, in 1787, says Burns, in a note to a copy in his own hand, "as I conveyed my chest so far on my road to Greenock, where I was to embark, in a few days, for *Samaica*. I meant it as my farewell dirge to my native land." He has elsewhere given the following history of this piece.

"I had been for some time skulking from covert to covert under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had

The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure-sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

taken the last farewell of my few friends ; my chest was on the road to Greenock, and I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia—

‘ The gloomy night is gath’ring fast,’

when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition.” Professor Walker adds these further particulars “ I requested him to communicate some of his unpublished poems, and he recited his farewell Song to the Banks of Ayr, introducing it with a description of the circumstances in which it was composed, more striking than the poem itself. He had left Dr. Laurie’s family, after a visit, which he expected to be the last, and on his way home, had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. His mind was strongly affected by parting for ever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure ; and, depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects, the aspect of nature harmonized with his feelings ; it was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn. The wind was up and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass which beat before it. The clouds were driving across the sky ; and cold pelting showers, at intervals, added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed his poem.”

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
 Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear.
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales;
 The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
 Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

THE FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,
 TARBOLTON.

TUNE—'GUID NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'!



DIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy!

This Farewell was printed in the Kilmarnock edition, in a copy of which Burns has written, "At this time the

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's shidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'!

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till Order bright, completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And You,† farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!

author intended going to Jamaica." Allan Cunningham states that the Poet, it is said, recited, or rather chanted, 'The Farewell' in the St James's Lodge, of Tarbolton, when his chest was on the way to Greenock. The concluding verse affected his friends greatly. Several of the gentlemen who heard him chant it are still living in the west of Scotland."

† Sir John Whitefoord, the Grand Master.

A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

AND MAUN I STILL ON MENIE* DOAT.

TUNE—' JOCKEY'S GREY BREEKS.'



GAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dew.

CHORUS.†

And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
 And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,

Menie is the common abbreviation of Marianne. R. B.

† This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's R. B.

Allan Cunningham says, Burns adopted the chorus, because it contained the name of Marianne, of which lady, however, nothing is known.

But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And everything is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorland whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk.
An' it winna let a body be.

HIGHLAND MARY.*

TUNE—' KATHARINE OGIE '



E banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green b^o your woods, and fair your
flowers,

Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom !

* "Highland Mary" was Mary Campbell, of whom a notice will be found under his beautiful lines to "Mary in Heaven," and the song "My Highland Lassie." On the 15th November, 1792, Burns sent this song to Mr. Thomson in the following letter.

"I agree with you, that the song 'Katharine Ogie' is very poor stuff, and unworthy, altogether unworthy, of so beautiful an air. I tried to mend it; but the awkward sound 'Ogie,' recurring so often in the rhyme, spoils every attempt at introducing sentiment into the piece. The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner, you will see at first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart, that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition."

The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ,
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But Oh ! fell death's untimely fíost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD LANG SYNE.*



HOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?¹
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,²
 And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,³
 For auld lang syne,

VAR. ¹ thought upon.

² Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,
 For auld lang syne.

³ jo.

Burns sent this beautiful song to Mrs. Dunlop, in December, 1788, saying. "Is not the Scotch phrase, 'Auld lang syne,' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs—I shall give you the verses on the other sheet—Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired Poet, who composed this glorious fragment."

In September, 1793, Burns wrote to Thomson, "One song more, and I have done. 'Auld lang syne.' The air is but *médiocre*, but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air." Notwithstanding these assertions, that the song was an old composition, all his Editors have considered it to have been written, either partially or wholly, by Burns; and the circumstance that two copies in his own hand exist, containing the variations now given, tends to show that it was his own, difficult as it certainly is to reconcile that fact with his letters to Mrs. Dunlop and Mr. Thomson.

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,¹
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd⁵ the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

VAR ⁴ Let's hae a waught o' Malaga.
⁵ pou't

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

TUNE—'HEY TUTTIE TATTIE.'



COTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victorie.

* This celebrated song was conceived by the Poet during a storm of rain and lightning among the wilds of Glen-ken in Galloway. Burns on sending it to Mr. Thomson in September, 1793, said "You know that my pretensions to musical taste are merely a few of nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art. For this reason, many musical compositions, particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint, however they may transport and ravish the ears of your connoisseurs, affect my simple lug no otherwise than merely as melodious din. On the other hand, by way of amends, I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether the old air 'Hey tuttie tattie' may rank among this number; but well I know that, with Fraser's hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of Liberty and Independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning. So may God ever defend the cause of Truth and Liberty, as He did that day!—Amen. I shewed the air to Uibani, who was highly pleased with it, and

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lower ;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward ! chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa' ?
 Caledonian ! on wi' me !

begged me to make soft verses for it ; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject, till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, not quite so ancient, roused my rhyming mania. Clarke's set of the tune, with his bass, you will find in the Museum ; though I am afraid that the air is not what will entitle it to a place in your elegant selection."

He soon afterwards sent the improved version, given in the text, saying, he "had altered the song," and that the last stanza was "borrowed from the stall edition of Wallace :

A false usurper sinks in every foe,
 And liberty returns with every blow—


A couplet worthy of Homer." Mr. Thomson having suggested some verbal alterations, Burns replied in terms which show his consciousness of its merits: "'Who shall decide when doctors disagree?' My ode pleases me so much, that I cannot alter it. Your proposed alterations would, in my opinion, make it tame. I am exceedingly obliged to you for putting me on reconsidering it ; as I think I have much improved it. Instead of 'sodger! hero!' I will have it, 'Caledonian! on wi' me!' I have scrutinized it over and over ; and to the world some way or other it shall go as it is."

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do, or die !

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE—'THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

 HERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
 By monie a flow'r and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver.

Oh, I had woocers aught or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine ;
 And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
 And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
 To gie the lad that has the land,
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
 While bees rejoice in opening flowers ;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

SONG.



NNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And waste my soul with care ;
 But, ah ! how bootless to admire,
 When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
 To hope may be forgiven ;
 For sure, 'twere impious to despair
 So much in sight of heaven.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.†



S there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !

Burns inserted this song in the edition of his Poems printed in 1793. It has been collated with a copy in his own manuscript.

For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their wulks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.


A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,

on neither subject, and consequently is no song; but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts, inverted into rhyme. I do not give you this song for your book, but merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*, for the piece is not really poetry."

The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

DAINTIE DAVIE.*

OW rosy May¹ comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading
bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours,²
To wander wi' my Davie.

VAR. ¹ Morn.

² Then busy, busy are his hours,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

* This song occurs in Johnson's Museum, p. 229, with the title, "The gardener wi' his paidle;" but without a chorus, and with the variations here given. Burns says, "The title of the song only is old; the rest is mine."

He sent it to Mr. Thomson in August, 1793, and afterwards remarked to him: "'Dainty Davie' I have heard sung nineteen thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-nine times, and always with the chorus to the low part of the tune."

CHORUS.

Meet me on the wailock knowe,
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us³ fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blow,⁴
 A wandering wi' my Davie
 Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fair,
 Then through the dews I will repair,⁵
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.
 Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,⁶
 And that's my ain dear Davie.
 Meet me, &c.

VAR ³ gently.

⁴ ——— round him blow,
 The gaird'ner wi' his paddle.

⁵ ——— he maun repair,
 The gaird'ner, &c.

⁶ He flies to her arms he lo'es the best,
 The gaird'ner, &c.

TO MR CUNNINGHAM *

JUNE—'THE HOPELESS LOVELL'



OW Spring has clad the groves in green,
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers,
 The furrow'd waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers,
 While ilka thing in nature join
 Their sorrows to forego,
 O why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift, a silver dart,
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art
 My life was once that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I,
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorched my fountain dry

'The little flow'et's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine, till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom
 And now beneath the withering blast
 My youth and joy consume

Apparently written about May, 1795 See the note to
 'O Bonnie was yon rosy brier'

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye ;
 As little reckt I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known !
 The wretch whase doom is, " Hope nae mair !"
 What tongue his woes can tell ?
 Within whose bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

CLARINDA.



CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run !
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie ;
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy ?

Of Clarinda an account has already been given. This song appears to have been sent to her in January, or February, 1788, just before Burns returned to Dumfriesshire from Edinburgh.

We part—but by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes !
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious day
 And shall a glimmering planet fix
 My worship to its ray ?

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER *

TUNE—' CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT '



WHY, why tell thy lover,
 Bliss he never must enjoy ?
 Why, why undeceive him,
 And give all his hopes the lie ?

O why, while fancy, raptu'd, slumbers,
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme !
 Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
 Wake thy lover from his dream ?

* About June or August, 1795, Burns sent this song to Thomson, saying, "Such is the peculiarity of the rhythm of this air, that I find it impossible to make another stanza to suit it I am at present quite occupied with the harassing sensations of the tooth ache, so have not a word to spare."

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—' CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT.'



HERE was once a day, but old Time then
 was young,
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her
 line,

From some of your northern deities sprung :
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?)
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :
 Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
 And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lamblin in peace, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred the heroine grew ,
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
 " Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall
 rue ! "

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn:
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
 Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd , till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand ;
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the
 land :

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;

She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the
shore ;

The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore :
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Luncartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife ;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life :
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver
flood ;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run
For bravé Caledonia immortal must be ;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,

ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,
BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND
THE EARL OF MAR.

TUNE—'THE CAMERONIAN RANT.'



CAM ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?
Or were you at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man ? "

I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reeking-red ran monie a sheugh,
My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at Kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man ;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa', man :
And great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles :
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

* Gilbert Burns says, "I am pretty well convinced this Poem is not my brother's, but more ancient than his birth ;" but Allan Cunningham considers it a modified and improved version of Barclay's Rhyming Dialogue between William Lichladie and Tam Cleancogne on Sheriff-Muir.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out of breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man.

“O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
The chase gaed frae the north, man :
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man ;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight ;
But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut,
And monie a huntit, poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man.”

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man :
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae guid-will
That day their neebors' blood to spill,
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose ; all crying woes,
And so it goes, you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans, man ;
 I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in whiggish hands, man :
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;
 But monie bade the world guid-night ;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.*

TUNE—'PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM'

April, 1795.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
 Then let the louns beware, Sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore. Sir.
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
 And Criffel sink to Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally !
 Fal de ral, &c.

* This song was first published in the Dumfries Journal, May 5th, 1795.

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided;
Till slap come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
Fal de ral, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't,
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' blund the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
Fal de ral, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.*

TUNE—'MORAG.'



WHA is she¹ that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie, ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
 O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,

VAR. ¹ In a copy of this song in Burns' own hand, the first line runs,

"Wat ye wha that lo'es me,"


which agrees with the version in Thomson's Collection.

That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted ;
 O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one ,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted ;
 O that's, &c.

CAPTAIN GROSE.

TUNE—'SIR JOHN MALCOLM.'

EN ye ought o' Captain Grose ?
 Igo, and ago,
 If he's amang his friends or foes ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North ?
 Igo, and ago,
 Or drowned in the river Forth ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies ?
 Igo, and ago,
 And eaten like a wether-haggis ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

This was written in an envelope to Mr. Cardonny
 antiquary, enclosing a letter to Captain Grose.

WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE O'T.*

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought was in her air ;
 Now we're married—[^]spier nae mair—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonie Meg was nature's child—¹
 Wiser men than me's beguil'd,—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love and how we'gree,
 I care na by how few may see—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

VAR. ¹ Sweet and harmless as a child.

* In a letter to Mr. Thomson, 19th October, 1794, Burns says, “ ‘Whistle o'er the lave o't’ is mine; the music said to be by a John Bruce, a celebrated violin player in Dumfries, about the beginning of this century. This I know,—Bruce, who was an honest man, though a red-wud Highlandman, constantly claimed it; and by all the old musical people here is believed to be the author of it ”

• The variation is from a copy in the Poet's autograph. It was printed by Cromek, in his *Reliques of Burns*

O, ONCE I LOV'D A BONIE LASS.

TUNE—'I AM A MAN UNMARRIED'



ONCE I lov'd a bonie lass,
 Ay, and I love her still,
 And whilst that virtue warms my breast
 I'll love my handsome Nell.
 Fal lal de ral, &c.

As bonie lassies I hae seen,
 And monie full as braw,
 But for a modest gacefu' mien
 The like I never saw.

Burns has left the following interesting remarks on this song, which seems to have been one of his earliest compositions. The heroine was evidently the young lass, whom he thus described: "This kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year; a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonie, sweet, sonsie, lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion, I cannot tell: I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labours; why the tones of

A bonie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the ee,
 But without some better qualities
 She's no a lass for me

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
 And what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complee,
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars onie dress look weel

her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp, and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious rattan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme—"For my own part, I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I got once heartily in love, and then elegiac and song were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart. The following composition was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest warm simplicity, unacquainted, and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is, indeed, very puerile and silly, but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest, and my tongue was sincere. The subject of it was a young girl who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed upon her. I not only had this opinion of her then—but I actually think so still, now that the spell is long since broken, and the enchantment at an end."

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart,
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul!
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.
 Fal lal de ral, &c.

YOUNG JOCKEY.*



YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
 In a' our town or here awa;
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,†
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'!
 He roos'd my een sae bonie blue,
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma';
 An' aye my heart came to my mou,
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

* This song occurs in Johnson's Museum, without Burns' name, and the editor has attached the letter Z to it, to indicate that it was old with additions. In his remarks on the Museum, the Poet takes no notice of "Young Jockey," but Allan Cunningham says, "What is old of it may be found in Oswald's Collection, under the title of 'Jockie was the blythest lad in a' our town,' with the exception of three or four lines it is the work of Burns." This song is printed in Cromek's Reliques.

The gaud—the plough.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lea I look fu' fain
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
 An' aye the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he taks me a';
 An' aye he vows he'll be my ain
 An lang's he has a breath to draw.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.*



FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie:
 M'Pherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows tree.

* Burns composed this song, which is printed in Cromek's *Reliques*, to the beautiful air of 'Macpherson's Farewell.' Macpherson was a famous robber in the beginning of the last century, and was condemned to be hanged at the assizes at Inverness. His exploits, however, as a freebooter, were not aggravated by cruelty. A dispute with one of his own troop, who wished to plunder a gentleman's house while his wife and two children lay on the bier for interment, was the cause of his being betrayed to the vengeance of the law. He was an admirable performer on the violin, and his talent for musical composition is shewn not only in his 'Rant' and 'Pibroch,' but also in his 'Farewell,' which he composed while he was in prison under sentence of death. He played his 'Farewell' at the foot of the gallows, broke his violin over his knee, and thus died with the same fortitude as he had lived. His sword is preserved at Duff House, a residence of the Earl of Fife. This copy has been collated with one in Burns' manuscript.

CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring and dane'd it round
Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
On monie a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword!
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avengèd be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.*

A NEW BALLAD.

TUNE—'THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.'



DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw
 That Scot to Scot did carry ;
 And dire the discord Langside saw,
 For beauteous, hapless Mary .
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was number'd ,
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment the tenth remember'd.
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And won his heart's desire , \
 Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
 Though the devil piss in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had, in this case,
 Pretensions rather brassy,
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy ;


* This ballad was first printed in Cromek's Reliques. The last stanza is now supplied for the first time from a copy in the Poet's own hand.

So their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision,
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,
 Bob's purblind, mental vision ;
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear he has the Angel met
 That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may ye live and die,
 Ye heretic eight and thirty !
 But accept, ye sublime Majority,
 My congratulations hearty,
 With your Honors and a certain King
 In your servants this is striking—
 The more incapacity they bring,
 The more they're to your liking.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

 I'LL ay ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green again ;
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonie Jean again.

This song is printed in Cromek's Reliques. Jean Armour is said to be its heroine

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again,
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
 And stownlins we sall meet again

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin-time draws near again,
 And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith, she's doubly dear again !

A BOTTLE AND FRIEND *

There's nane that's blest of human kind,
 But the cheeiful and the gay, man
 Fal la!, &c.



HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend !
 What wad ye wish for mair, man ?
 Wha kens, before his life may end,
 What his share may be o' care, man ?
 Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man :—
 Believe me, happiness is shy,
 And comes not ay when sought, man.

* These verses, which occur in Cromek's Reliques, are printed as they stand in a copy in the Poet's own autograph. — Gilbert Burns, however, in a letter to Mr. Cromek, in February, 1809, expressed a doubt as to their having been written by his brother.

I'LL KISS THEE YET.*

TUNE—' THE BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER.

CHORUS.



I'LL kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggie Alison !

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O ;
Young Kings upon their hansel throne
Are no sae blest as I am, O !
I'll kiss thee, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O ;
I seek no mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O !
I'll kiss thee, &c.

And by thy een sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O ;—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O !
I'll kiss thee, &c.

* This song was inserted in the Musical Museum, p. 201, but without Burns' name, and it was first attributed to him by Cromek, in consequence of finding a copy in the Poet's hand among his papers. Peggy Alison, Mr. Allan Cunningham was informed, was " Montgomery's Peggy," who will be again mentioned.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.*

TUNE—'IF HE BE A BUTCHER NEAT AND TRIM.'



N Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;¹
 Could I describe her shape and mien,
 Our lasses a' she far excels,²
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish
 een.³

She's sweeter⁴ than the morning dawn
 When rising Phœbus first is seen,
 And⁵ dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.⁶

She's stately like yon youthful ash
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
 And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;⁷
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish e'en.⁶

VAR. ¹ there lives a lass.

² The graces of her weel-far'd face,

³ And the glancin' of her sparklin' een.

⁴ fresher. ⁵ When.

⁶ An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

⁷ And shoots its head above each bush.

This song was printed by Cromek "from the oral communication of a lady residing at Glasgow, whom the bard in early life affectionately admired," and he adds, "it was an early production." The following copy has been taken from the Poet's own manuscript, and the verses are presumed to be now for the first time correctly printed.

She's spotless like⁸ the flow'ring thorn
 With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
 When purest in the dewy morn ;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.⁹

Her looks are like the vernal May,¹⁰
 When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,¹¹
 While birds rejoice on every spray,¹²
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.⁹

Her hair is like the curling mist
 That clumbs¹³ the mountain-sides at e'en,
 When flow'r-reviving rains are past ;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.⁹

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
 When gleaming¹⁴ sunbeams intervene
 And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.⁹

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
 The pride of all the flowery scene,
 Just opening on its thorny stem ;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.⁹

Her teeth are like the nightly snow
 When pale the morning rises keen,
 While hid the murmuring streamlets flow ;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

VAR. ⁸ as.

⁹ An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

¹⁰ sportive lamb.

¹¹ When flow'ry May adorns the scene,

¹² That wantons round its bleating dam.

¹³ shades.

¹⁴ shining.

Her lips are like yon¹⁵ cherries ripe,
 That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
 They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.¹⁶

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
 With fleeces newly washen clean,
 That slowly mount the rising steep;
 An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
 That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
 When Phoebus sinks behind the seas;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.¹⁶

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
 That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
 While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.¹⁶

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
 Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen,
 'Tis¹⁷ the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
 An' chiefly in her rogueish¹⁸ een.

VAR. ¹⁵ the.

¹⁶ An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

¹⁷ But.

¹⁸ sparklin'.

PRAYER FOR MARY.*

TUNE—'BLUE BONNETS.'

POWERS celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care.
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest:
Guardian angels, O protect her,
When in distant lands I roam;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home.

* These verses, which are printed in Cromek's *Reliques*, were probably written on Highland Mary, on the eve of the Poet's intended departure to the West Indies.

YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE—'LAST TIME I CAM O'ER THE MUIR.'



OUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lass,
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
 With early gems adorning.

Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has grac'd them,
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them :
 Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,
 When feather'd pairs are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her,
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage Winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain
 Her winning powers to lessen ;

This song is printed in Crome's Reliques. Young Peggy was "Montgomerie's Peggy" mentioned at p. 101 and elsewhere.

And fretful envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her ;
Inspire the highly favour'd youth
The destinies intend her ;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom ;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.*

A SONG.

BY yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was
grey ;
And as he was singing, the tears fast
down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

* On the 12th March, 1791, Burns wrote to Thomson, "Lest I sink into stupid prose, and so sacrilegiously intrude on the office of my parish priest, I shall fill up the page in my own way, and give you another song of my late composition, which will appear, perhaps, in Johnson's work, as well as the former. You must know a beautiful Jacobite air, 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.' When political combustion ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of historians and poets."


The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
 We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd:
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
 But till my last moment my words are the same—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THERE WAS A LAD.*

TUNE—'DAINTY DAVIE'

 HERE was a lad was, born at Kyle,†
 But what'n a day o' what'n a style
 I doubt its hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin' ;
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.

* This song, of which he was himself the hero, was one of the Poet's early productions, it occurs among his private notes in May, 1784, or 1785

† Kyle—a district of Ayrshire.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think wē'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.


Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you, Sir,
Ye gar the lasses
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessings on thee, Robin!

Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' Boy,
Rantin' rovin' Boy.

* Burns' biographers place his birth on the 29th instead of the 25th of January, 1759. George the Second died in October, 1760.

TO MARY.

TUNE—'EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.'


 ILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across the Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine,
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand;

* Mary Campbell was the heroine of this song, of which Burns says, in a letter to Thomson about October or November, 1792, "In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl. It is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merit of 'Ewe-bughts;' but it will fill up this page. You must know that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion, and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish, to me, whose they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their *race*."

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour, and the moment o' time!

MARY MORISON.*

TUNE—'BIDE YE YET.'



MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor,
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."


To Thomson, Burns wrote, 20th March, 1793, "This song is one of my juvenile works. I do not think it very remarkable, either for its merits or demerits."

OF BURNS.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

THE SOGER'S RETURN.*

TUNE—'THE MILL MILL O.'

HEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning:
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest soger.

* This song, which has been collated with a copy in the Poet's own hand, was sent to Thomson in April, 1793. Mr. Thomson says, the following incident relative to this song was communicated to him by a friend, a clergyman in Dumfriesshire: "Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill with a couple of friends, when a poor wayworn soldier passed the window. Of a sudden it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures, after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his 'garland and singing robes about him,' and the result was the admirable song which he sent you for 'The Mill Mill O.'"

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon¹ the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted:
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,²
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd³ voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
 O! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom!
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger;
 I've serv'd my King and Country lang—
 Take pity on a soger!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was⁴ than ever:
 Quo' she, a soger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never.

VAR. ¹ And ay I min't. MS. ² lass MS.
 ³ fremit. MS. ⁴ look'd. MS.

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like onie lily;⁵
 She⁶ sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou mine ain dear Willie?
 By Him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted,
 Tho' poor in gear,⁷ we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,⁸
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;
 And come, my faithful⁹ soger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the soger's prize;
 The soger's wealth is honour:
 The brave poor soger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember he's his Country's stay
 In the day and hour o' danger.

VAR. ⁶ wallow't like a lily. MS.

⁷ wealth be sma'. MS.


⁸ gear

⁶ And.

⁹ ain dear.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.*

TUNE—' THE WEAVER AND HIS SHUTTLE, O.

Y Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick
border, O
And carefully he bred me in decency
and order, O
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er
a farthing, O
For without an honest manly heart, no man was
worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did deter-
mine, O
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great
was charming, O
My talents they were not the worst; nor yet my
education, O
Resolv'd was I, at least to try, to mend my situa-
tion, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's
favour; O
Some causè unseen still stept between, to frustrate
each endeavour; O

* In the Poet's Memoranda, April, 1784, he says, "The following song is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over."

Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd ; sometimes
by friends forsaken , O
And when my hope was at the top, I still was
worst mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with fortune's
vain delusion , O
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came
to this conclusion ; O
The past was bad, and the future hid ; its good or
ill untried ; O
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so
I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I ; nor person to
befriend me ; O
So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour
to sustain me, O
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father
bred me early ; O
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for
fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, thro' life
I'm doom'd to wander, O
Till down my weary bones I lay in everlasting
slumber ; O
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed
me pain or sorrow . O
I live to-day as well's I may, regardless of to-
morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in a
palace, O

Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all
her wonted malice ; O
I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make
it farther ; O
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much
regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little
money, O
Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon
me ; O
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-
natur'd folly ; O
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er
be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power, with unre-
mitting ardour, O
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your
view the farther ; O
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to
adore you, O
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer be-
fore you, O.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

TUNE—'FINLAYSTON HOUSE

HATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart,
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart!

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young,
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!

* In a letter to Mrs Dunlop dated Mauchline, 27th September, 1788, Burns said "I have just arrived from Nithsdale, and will be here a fortnight. I was on horseback this morning by three o'clock; for between my wife and my farm is just forty six miles. As I jogged on in the dark, I was taken with a poetic fit as follows.—Mrs. Fergusson of Craigdarroch's lamentation for the death of her son, an uncommonly promising youth of eighteen or nineteen years of age." Allan Cunningham quotes the Poet's remark on a MS. copy of the "Lament," that he composed it partly on Mrs. Fergusson, and partly "to the worthy patroness of my early unknown Muse, Mrs. Stewart of Afton"—It has been collated with another copy in Burns' writing

BONIE LESLEY.*

TUNE—'THE COLLIER'S BONIE DOCHTER'



SAW ye bonie Lesley
 As she gaed o'er the border?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

* The lady alluded to in this song was Miss Leshe Baillie, daughter of Mr. Bailhe of Ayrshire, afterwards Mrs. Cumming of Logie. Burns thus described the impression she made upon him, in a letter to Mr. George Lockhart, a merchant in Glasgow, from Mauchline, 18th July, 1788: "The Miss Baillies I have seen in Edinburgh; 'Fair and lovely are Thy works, Lord God Almighty! Who would not praise Thee for these Thy gifts in Thy goodness to the sons of men!' It needed not yon fine taste to admire them I declare one day I had the honour of dining at Mr. Baillie's, I was almost in the predicament of the children of Israel when they could not look on Moses' face for the glory that shone in it, when he descended from Mount Sinai." He appears to have met the ladies again about four years after, for he wrote to Mrs Dunlop from Annan Water Foot, 22nd August, 1792, "*Apropos*, (though how it is *apropos*, I have not leisure to explain,) do you know that I am almost in love with an acquaintance of yours?—Almost! said I—I am in love, souse! over head and ears, deep as the most unfathomable abyss of the boundless ocean, but the word, Love, owing to the *intermingledoms* of the good and the bad, the pure and the impure, in this world, being rather an equivocal term for expressing one's sentiments, and sensations, I must do justice to the sacred purity of my attachment. Know then, that the heart-struck awe; the distant humble approach; the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy; and their imagina-

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever,
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, Fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee .
 Thou art divine, Fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adoe thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;

tions soar in transport—such, so delighting, and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss L—— B——, your neighbour, at M——. Mr. B. with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G. passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me, on which I took my horse (though God knows I could ill spare the time), and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them, and riding home, I composed the following ballad, of which you will probably think you have a dear bargain, as it will cost you another groat of postage. You must know that there is an old ballad beginning with

My bonie Lizzie Bailie
 I'll row thee in my plaidie, &c.

So I parodied it as follows, which is literally the first copy, 'unanointed, unaneled,' as Hamlet says."

To Mr. Thomson, Burns said, on sending him this song in December following, "I have just been looking over the 'Collier's bonny Dochter,' and it the following rhapsody, which I composed the other day, on a charming Ayrshire girl, Miss ——, as she passed through this place to England, will suit your taste better than the 'Collier Lassie,' tall on and welcome."

Miss Leslie Bailie was also the heroine of another of his songs, "Blithe hae I been on you hill."


He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, 'I canna wrang thee.'

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, Fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonie.

AMANG THE TREES.*

TUNE—'THE KING OF FRANCE, HE RADE A RACE.'

MANG the trees where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing; O
'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie; O

* This song, which was printed by Cromek, has been collated with a copy in the Poet's autograph. It occurs neither in Johnson's nor in Thomson's Collection, and the date of its composition is uncertain.

The hungry bike did scrape and pike
 Till we were wae and weary. O—
 But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,
 He fir'd a fiddler in the north
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

.

WHEN FIRST I CAME TO STEWART KYLE.*

TUNE—'I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.'



WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it was na steady,
 Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
 A mistress still I had aye:

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
 Not dreadin' onie body,
 My heart was caught before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady.

.

These verses occur among the Poet's Memoranda, in August, 1785. The "Mauchline lady" was, says Allan Cunningham, Jean Armour; and he relates the manner in which Burns first attracted her attention.

ON SENSIBILITY.*

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,
MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

AIR—' SENSIBILITY '



SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell,
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray.
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys,
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

* Mr. Allan Cunningham has printed two versions (vide vol. III. 251, IV 198,) of this song, without noticing that they are in fact the same. The following, addressed to Mrs. Dunlop, occurs in Thomson's Collection (III. 36). The other, in which the only variation is that the second line stands thus,

"Dearest Nancy! thou canst tell,"

is given in Johnson's Museum, II. 329. "In our lyrical legends, the heroine of this song," says Mr. Allan Cunningham, "is said to be the fair Clarinda. The similarity of the name, perhaps, has aided in this belief."

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
 Finer feelings can bestow;
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.*

TUNE—'GALLA WATER.'



ALTHO' my bed were in yon muir,
 Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be,
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

* The name of the fair lass celebrated in this song, as well as in "Bonie Peggy Alison," (ante,) and in "Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns," (ante,) has not transpired, unless it were indeed Margaret Alison. She was the "My dear E." of several letters written about the year 1782, professing the most ardent attachment; but she refused to marry him, alleging that she was engaged to another. Burns himself has, however, left an account of this affair, and of these verses, in his private memoranda dated September, 1785:

"The following fragment is done something in imitation of the manner of a noble old Scottish piece, called 'M'Millan's Peggy,' and sings to the tune of 'Galla Water.' My 'Montgomerie's Peggy,' was my deity for six or eight months. She had been bred (though, as the world says, without any just pretence to it,) in a style of life rather elegant,—but, as Vanbrugh says in one of his comedies, 'My d—d star found me out,' there too; for though I began the affair merely in a gaieté de cœur, or to tell the truth, which will scarcely be believed, a vanity of shewing my parts in courtship, particularly my abilities at a billet-doux, which I always piqued myself upon, made me lay siege to

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

her, and as I always do in my foolish gallantries, I had battered myself into a very warm affection for her, she told me one day in a flag of truce that her fortress had been for some time before the rightful property of another; but with the greatest friendship and politeness, she offered me every alliance except actual possession. I found out afterwards that what she told me of a pre-engagement was really true; but it cost me some heart-aches to get rid of the affair. I have even tried to imitate in this extempore thing that irregularity in the rhyme, which, when judiciously done, has such a fine effect on the ear. There can be little doubt that "Peggy" was the person alluded to in Burns' autobiographical sketch, which fixes the date of the letters and song to the year 1781, or early in 1782. "My twenty-third year was to me an important era — The clouds of misfortune were thick round my father's head; and what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption, and to crown my distresses, a belle fille whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me with peculiar circumstances of mortification." Burns was scarcely justified in saying she had pledged herself to marry him, or that he was jilted by her. In his last letter to her except one, he earnestly requested her "soon either to put an end to my hopes by a peremptory refusal, or cure me of my fears by a generous consent." She appears to have complied by informing him she was engaged to another, and his answer to her refusal was creditable to his feelings.

"I ought in good manners to have acknowledged the receipt of your letter before this time, but my heart was so shocked with the contents of it, that I can scarcely yet collect my thoughts so as to write to you on the subject. I will not attempt to describe what I felt on receiving your letter. I read it over and over, again and again, and though it was in the politest language of refusal, still it was peremptory. 'you were sorry you could not make me a return, but you wish me' what, without you, I never can obtain, 'you wish me all kind of happiness.' It would be weak

Were I a Baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin't wi' Montgomerie's Peggy.

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and unmanly to say, that without you I never can be happy; but, sure I am that sharing life with you would have given it a relish, that, wanting you, I never can taste. Your uncommon personal advantages, and your superior good sense, do not so much strike me, these, possibly, in a few instances, may be met with in others; but that amiable goodness, that tender feminine softness, that endearing sweetness of disposition, with all the charming offspring of a warm feeling heart—these I never again expect to meet with in such a degree in this world. All these charming qualities, heightened by an education much beyond anything I have ever met with in any woman I ever dared to approach, have made an impression on my heart that I do not think the world can ever efface. My imagination had fondly flattered itself with a wish, I dare not say it ever reached a hope, that possibly I might one day call you mine. I had formed the most delightful images, and my fancy fondly brooded over them; but now I am wretched for the loss of what I really had no right to expect. I must now think no more of you as a mistress, still I presume to ask to be admitted as a friend. As such I wish to be allowed to wait on you; and as I expect to remove in a few days a little farther off, and you, I suppose, will perhaps soon leave this place, I wish to see you or hear from you soon; and if an expression should perhaps escape me rather too warm for friendship, I hope you will pardon it in, my dear Miss —, (pardon me the dear expression for once)."

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

THE following song, which occurs in Thomson's Collection,
is founded on one by Allan Ramsay



N a bank of flowers, in a summer day
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest ;

When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose ;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild-wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace !
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace !

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll.
A faltering ardent kiss he stole ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
 On fear-inspired wings;
 So Nelly, starting, half awake,
 Away affrighted springs:

But Willie follow'd—as he should,
 He overtook her in the wood.
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all, and good

O RAGING FORTUNE'S WITHERING BLAST *



RAGING fortune's withering blast
 Has laid my leaf full low! O
 O raging fortune's withering blast
 Has laid my leaf full low! O.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
 My blossom sweet did blow; O
 The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
 And made my branches grow; O.

This song was written towards the end of 1783, when his mind was clouded with melancholy. Under the date of September, 1783, he says, with reference to that gloomy period, " 'Twas at the same time I set about composing an air in the old Scotch style. I am not musical scholar enough to point down my tune properly, so it can never see the light, and perhaps 'tis no great matter, but the following were the verses I composed to it. The tune consisted of three parts, so that the above verses just went through the whole air."

Ye lofty Banks that Evan bound,
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
 Which sweetly winds so far below ;

What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
 All that on Evan's border springs !
 Sweet Banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side :
 Blest stream ! she views thee^hhaste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
 Atone for years in absence lost !
 Return, ye moments of delight,
 With richer treasures bless my sight !

Swift from this desert let me part,
 And fly to meet a kindred heart !
 Nor more may aught my steps divide
 From that dear stream which flows to Clyde !

WOMEN'S MINDS.*

TUNE—' FOR A' THAT.'



HO' women's minds like winter winds
 May shift and turn, and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.

* This song occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 300, with Burns' name.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that,
The bonie lass that I loe best
She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that ;
But lordly will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that
For a' that, &c

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit, and sense, and a' that ;
A bonie lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dare ca' that ? *
For a' that, &c

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love and a' that ;
But for how lang the fie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that ,
But clear your decks, and here's 'The Sex !'
I like the jades for a' that.
For a' that, &c.

* This verse is omitted in the Musical Museum.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.*

TUNE—'MISS FORBES' FAREWELL TO BANFF'



THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.

Mary Campbell, the subject of these exquisite lines, has been already noticed, ante. They were written on one of the anniversaries of her death, under the circumstances thus related by Mrs. Burns. Having spent the day which preceded the anniversary of Mary's death in the harvest field, in his usual spirits, he became gloomy and reserved towards evening, when he went into the barn-yard, and refused to come into the house. Having walked backwards and forwards for some time, looking at the sky, he threw himself upon some corn sheaves, with his eye fixed on a star of peculiar brightness. It was then midnight, and on his entering the house, he committed this exquisite song to paper, which ought not to be separated from the following passage in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 13th December, 1789.

"What is man! to-day in the luxuriance of health, exulting in the enjoyment of existence; in a few days, perhaps in a few hours, loaded with conscious painful being, counting the tardy pace of the lingering moments by the repercussions of anguish, and refusing or denied a comforter. Day follows night, and night comes after day, only to curse him with life which gives him no pleasure, and yet the awful, dark termination of that life is something at which he recoils.

Tell us, ye dead; will none of you in pity

Disclose the secret—

What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be!

—————'tis no matter.

A little time will make us learn'd as you are.

"Can it be possible, that when I resign this frail, feverish

O Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget ?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love ?

being, I shall still find myself in conscious existence ! When the last gasp of agony has announced that I am no more to those that knew me, and the few who loved me, when the cold, stiffen'd, unconscious, ghastly coise is resigned into the earth, to be the prey of unsightly reptiles, and to become in time a trodden clod, shall I yet be warm in life, seeing and seen, enjoying and enjoyed ? Ye venerable sages and holy flaminens, is there probability in your conjectures, truth in your stories, of another world beyond death ; or are they all alike, baseless visions, and fabricated fables ? If there is another life, it must be only for the just, the benevolent, the amiable, and the humane. What a flattering idea, then, is the world to come ! Would to God I as firmly believed it, as I ardently wish it ! There I should meet an aged parent, now at rest from the many buffetings of an evil world, against which he so long and so bravely struggled. There should I meet the friend, the disinterested friend of my early life ; the man who rejoiced to see me, because he loved me, and could serve me.—Muir ! thy weaknesses were the aberrations of human nature, but thy heart glowed with everything generous, manly, and noble ; and if ever emanation from the All-good Being animated a human form, it was thine !—There should I, with speechless agony of rapture, again recognize my lost, my ever dear Mary ! whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love.

My Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of heavenly rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?"

The variations are from a copy in the Poet's own hand.

Eternity will¹ not efface

Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;

Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,

Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,

Till too, too soon, the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,

And fondly broods with miser care!

Time but the impression deeper² makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!

Where is thy blissful place of³ rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

TO MARY.*



SHOULD aught of song declare my pains,

Could artful numbers move thee,

The Muse should tell, in labour'd
strains,

O Mary, how I love thee!

VAR. ¹ can. ² stronger ³ place of heavenly.

This song is inserted in Johnson's Museum, with the name of Burns attached to it.

They who but feign a wounded heart
 May teach the lyre to languish ;
 But what avails the pride of art,
 When wastes the soul with anguish ?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
 The heart-felt pang discover,
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,
 O read th' imploring lover !

For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising ;
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
 The voice of nature prizing.

O LEAVE NOVELS.



LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,*
 Ye're safer at your spinning wheel ;
 Such witching books are baited hooks
 For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossziel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
 They make your youthful fancies reel,
 They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
 And then you're prey for Rob Mossziel.


* The Mauchline belles, Burns elsewhere says, (post, p 118,) were Miss Miller, Miss Markland, Miss Smith, Miss Betty —, Miss Morton, and Jane Armour. These verses were written before his marriage.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung ;
 A heart that warmly seems to feel ;
 That feeling heart but acts a part,
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,
 The frank address, and politesse,
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.*

A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.

OU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier ;
 You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier ;
 How does Dampiere do ?
 Aye, and Bournonville too ?
 Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier ?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier,
 I will fight France with you, Dumourier :
 I will fight France with you,
 I will take my chance with you ;
 By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

* Allan Cunningham says that Burns was one day in the King's Arms Inn, at Dumfries, when he overheard a stranger vindicating the defection of General Dumourier from the French army, on which he composed these lines, a copy of which exists in the Poet's hand. It is printed in Cromek's Reliques.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier ;
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier :
 Then let us fight about,
 Till freedom's spark is out,
 Then we'll be damn'd no doubt—Dumourier.

SWEETEST MAY.*



WEETEST May, let love inspire thee;
 Take a heart which he designs thee;
 As thy constant slave regard it;
 For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
 Not the wealthy, but the bonie ;
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,
 In love's silken band can bind it !

ONE NIGHT AS I DID-WANDER.†

TUNE—'JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.'



NE night as I did wander,
 When corn begins to shoot,
 I sat me down to ponder,
 Upon an auld tree root :

* This occurs with Burns' name in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, iii. 578.

† This song occurs among Burns' Memoranda in August, 1785, and is printed in Cromek's *Reliques*.

Auld Ayre ran by before me,
 And bicker'd to the seas;
 A cushat crooded o'er me
 That echoed thro' the braes.

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THE WINTER IT IS PAST.*

A FRAGMENT.



HE winter it is past, and the simmer
 comes¹ at last,
 And the small birds sing on every
 tree;
 Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,²
 Since my true love is parted from me.³

VAR. ¹ the summer's come.


² The hearts of these are glad, but mine is very sad.

³ For my true lover has parted from me.

* This song was first published in the Musical Museum, p. 208, with the variations and additions here pointed out, but Burns' name was not attached to it. It also occurs as it stands in the text in Thomson's Collection, vol. vi. p. 50, where it is expressly said to have been written by him. The text also agrees with a copy in the Poet's own hand, with which it has been collated. Mr. Allan Cunningham has not included these verses in his edition; and Gilbert Burns, in a letter to Cromek, in February, 1809, after the publication of the "Reliques," speaking of this fragment, says it was not written by his brother, "but well I recollect my mother singing it, when I was a little boy."

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
 May have charms for the linnnet or the bee;
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts
 at rest,
 But my true love is parted from me.⁴

FRAGMENT.*

ER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
 Adown her neck and bosom hing;
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,
 And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wet wi' dew!
 O, what a feast her bonie mou!
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
 A crimson still diviner!

VAR. ⁴ But my love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun in the firmament does run,
 For ever is constant and true,
 But his is like the moon that wanders up and down,
 And every month it is new.

All you that are in love and cannot it remove,
 I pity the pains you endure;
 For experience makes me know that your hearts are
 full of woe,
 And woe that no mortal can cure.

This fragment was found among the Poet's papers, and was first printed by Cromek. Allan Cunningham says these verses were composed in consequence of Burns seeing a beautiful young lady ride up to the inn at Ayr, and order some refreshments for her servants.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.*

TUNE—'CAPTAIN O'KEAN.'



HE small birds rejoice in the green
 leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds
 clear thro' the vale;
 The hawthorn trees blow¹ in the dews of the
 morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green
 dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 While the lingering moments are number'd by
 care?

No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly
 singing,²

Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless despair.

VAR ¹ The pinnroes blush.

² No birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing.

* In a letter from Burns to Mr. Robert Cleghorn, dated Mauchline, 31st March, 1788, he says, "Yesterday, my dear sir, as I was riding through a track of melancholy, joyless muirs, between Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs; and your favourite air, 'Captain O'Kean,' coming at length in my head, I tied these words to it. You will see that the first part of the tune must be repeated. I am tolerably pleased with these verses, but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music."

The first two stanzas have been collated with a copy in the Poet's autograph. "These admirable stanzas," says Thomson, "are supposed to be spoken by the young Prince Charles Edward, when wandering in the Highlands of Scotland, after his fatal defeat at Culloden."


THE SONGS

deed that I dar'd could it merit their malice,
King or a Father to place on his throne?
right are these hills, and his right are these
valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but³ I can
find none.

'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
Iy brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn
r deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
las! can I make you no sweeter⁴ return?

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.*

TUNE—' BONIE DUNDEE.'

N Mauchline there dwells six proper
young Belles,
The pride of the place and its neigh-
bourhood a',
in carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
n Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a' :

s Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw :
re's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
but Armour's* the jewel for me o' them a'.

VAR. ³ though.

better.

This was one of Burns' early productions.—Miss Armour
me Mrs. Burns.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S
AWA.*



HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our
cause,
May never guid luck be their fa' !
It's guid to be mairy and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie† the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success !
May prudence protect her frae evil !
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil !

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Tammie,‡ the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law !

* This song, which is in Cromek's Reliques, has been collated with a copy in the Poet's writing.

† Charles Fox.

‡ Thomas Erskine.

Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write !
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be
 heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod,* a Chieftain worth gowd,
 Tho' bred amang 'nountains o' snaw !

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.



AM my mammie's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir ;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fley'd wad mak me eerie, Sir

CHORUS.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
 I'm owre young to marry yet ;
 I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammie yet.

M'Leod, Chief of that clan.

* Burns says, the chorus of this song is old, the rest of it,
 such as it is, is mine.

My mammie coft me a new gown,
 The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
 Were I to lie wi' you, kind Sir,
 I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
 I'm owre young, &c.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
 And you an' I in ae bed,
 In troth I dare na venture, Sir.
 I'm owre young, &c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir,
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
 I'm owre young, &c.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

TUNE—'THE TITHER MORN, AS I FORLORN.'




YON wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
 And glances o'er the brae, Sir:
 Slides by a bower where monie a flower
 Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay:
 To love they thought nae crime, Sir;
 The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
 While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

CHORUS.

Y lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jumps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane,
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassilhs' blude,
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.
My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.
My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns:
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.
My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's diest,
 The flower and fancy o' the west ;
 But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
 O that's the lass to make him blest.
 My lady's gown, &c.

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.*

CHORUS.



AY my wife she dang me,
 An' aft my wife did bang me ,
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Guid faith she'll soon o'ergang ye.


On peace and rest my mind was bent,
 And fool I was I marry'd ;
 But never honest man's intent
 As cursedly miscarry'd.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
 When a' thir days are done, man,
 My pains o' hell on earth is past,
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
 O ay my wife, &c.

*This song occurs in Johnson's Museum, and is there attributed to Burns


THE BANKS OF NITH.*

A BALLAD.

 O thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
 Where late wi' careless thought I
 rang'd,
 Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
 To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
 Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear,¹
 For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
 Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!²

BONIE PEG.†

 S I came in by our gate end,
 As day was waxin' weary,
 O wha came tripping down the street,
 But bonie Peg, my dearie!

VAR. ¹ Tho' there Remembrance wake the tear.

² still only dear.

— fondly —

* This song occurs in Thomson's Collection,* (vol. vi. p. 62,) but it is there addressed to the *Dee*, instead of the *Nith*. There are some other variations, and a second verse is added by another writer. The variations here given are from a copy in the Post's own hand. It was printed by Cromek as it stands in the text.

† This song was first published in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1818.

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands, we took the sands
A-down yon winding river ;
And, oh ! that hour and broomy bower,
Can I forget it ever ?

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.*

CHORUS.



LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear in thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae ;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

This song is inserted in Johnson's Museum with Burns' name.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art Queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

O GUID ALE COMES.*

CHORUS.



GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a' weel eneugh,
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.
O guid ale comes, &c.

* This song, which occurs in Johnson's Musical Museum, "corrected by R. Burns," has been collated with a copy in the Poet's own autograph.

O WHY THE DEUCE.

EXTEMPORE. APRIL, 1782.



WHY the deuce should I repine,
 And be an ill foreboder?
 I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
 I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
 I held it weel thegither;
 But now it's gane and something mair,
 I'll go and be a sodger.

* These lines, which were found in a common-place book of the Poet's, are indicative of his state of mind when they were written. In a letter to Miss Chalmers about December, 1787, or January, 1788, he says, "I have this moment got a hurt. . . . I fear I am something like—undone—but I hope for the best. Come, stubborn pride and unshrinking resolution! accompany me through this, to me, miserable world! You must not desert me. Your friendship I think I can count on, though I should date my letter from a marching regiment. Early in life, and all my life, I reckoned on a recruiting drum as my forlorn hope. Seriously though, life at present presents me with but a melancholy path: but—my limb will soon be sound, and I shall struggle on."

POLLY STEWART.*

TUNE—' YE'RE WELCOME, CHARLIE STEWART.

CHORUS.



LOVELY Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in
May,
That's half so fair as thou art.


The flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely, &c.

This song is in Johnson's Museum, with the name of the author.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.*

CHORUS.


 OBIN shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him,
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
 To warp a wab o' plaiden,
 At his daddie's yett,
 Wha met me but Robin.

Was na Robin bauld,
 Tho' I was a cotter,
 Play'd me sic a trick
 And me the eller's dochter?
 Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me
 A' my winter vittle;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goose feathers and a whittle.
 Robin shure, &c.

* This song is in the Musical Museum. p. 562, with Burns' name to it.

THE FIVE CARLINS.—AN ELECTION BALLAD.

TUNE—'CHEVY CHACE.'



HERE were five Carlins in the squth,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lon'on town
To bring us tidings hame.

Not only bring us tidings hame,
But do our errands there,
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.

* The "Five Carlins" were the five boroughs of Dumfriesshire and Kircudbright, which sent one member to Parliament. At the time to which the ballad refers they were strongly contested by Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, supported by the Duke of Queensberry and the Whigs, and Sir James Johnstone, of Westerhall, who was assisted by the Tories. Burns sent a copy of the ballad to Mr Graham, of Fintray, 9th December, 1789, saying, "The election ballad, as you will see, alludes to the present canvass in our string of boroughs. I am too little a man to have any political attachments, I am deeply indebted to, and have the warmest veneration for individuals of both parties, but a man who has it in his power to be the father of a country, and who..... is a character that one cannot speak of with patience. Sir J. J. does what a man can do, but yet I doubt his fate." The suppressed passage seems to have contained a severe reflection on the Duke of Queensberry. Miller, however, succeeded, and Mr. Allan Cunningham has printed another ballad by Burns, at the close of the election.

There was Maggie* by the banks o' Nith,
 A dame wi' pride enough;
 And Marjorie† o' the monie Lochs,
 A Carlin auld an' tough.

And blinkin Bess‡ o' Annandale,
 That dwells near Solway side,
 And whisky Jean§ that took her gill,
 In Galloway so wide.

And auld black Joan|| frae Creighton peel,
 O' gipsy kith an' kin,
 Five wighter Carlins were na foun'
 The south kintra within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town
 They met upon a day,
 And monie a Knight and monie a Laird,
 That errand fain would gae.

O! monie a Knight and monie a Laird,
 This errand fain would gae;
 But nae ane could their fancy please,
 O! ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted Knight,
 Bred o' a border clan,
 An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 Might nae man him withstan'.

* Dumfries.

† Lochmaben.

‡ Annan.

§ Kircudbright.

|| Sanquhar.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lon'on court
Wad bid to him gud day.

Then neist came in a sodger youth,
And spak wi' modest grace,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gift,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now wham to choose and wham refuse;
To strife thae Carlins fell;
For some had gentle folk to please,
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd, Meg o' Nith,
An' she spak out wi' pride,
An' she wad send the sodger youth
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court
She didna care a pin,
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale:
A deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the border Knight,
Tho' she should vote her lane.

For far aff fowls hae feathers fair,
An' fools o' change are fain :
But I hae tried the border Knight,
I'll try him yet again.

Says auld black Joan frae Creighton peel,
A Carlin stoor and grim,
The auld guidman or young guidman,
For me may sink or swim !

For fools may prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn :
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best
Sae he shall bear the horn.

Then whisky Jean spak o'er her drink,
Ye weel ken kimmers a'
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
His back's been at the wa'.

And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup,
Is now a frammit wight ;
But it's ne'er sae wi' whisky Jean,—
We'll send the border Knight.

Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow ;
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots blund was true.

There's some great folks set light by me,
I set as light by them ;
But I will send to Lon'on town,
Wha I lo'e best at hame.

So how this weighty plea will end,
 Nae mortal wight can tell,
 God grant the King and ilka man
 May look weel to himsel' !


THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
 The deuk's dang o'er my daddie, O !
 The fient ma care, quo' the feirie auld
 wife,

He was but a paidlin body, O !
 He paidles out, and he paidles in,
 An' he paidles late and early, O,
 This seven lang years I hae lion by his side,
 An' he is but a fusionless earlie, O.

O haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
 O haud your tongue now, Nansie, O :
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O :
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
 And cuddl'd me late and earlie, O ;
 But downa do's come o'er me now,
 And, oh, I find it sairly, O !

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME *


 HEN Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the north I took my way
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na where to lodge till day

By my good luck a maid I met,
 Just in the middle o' my care,
 And kindly she did me invite
 To walk into a chamber fair

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie;
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And bade her mak a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it
 She put the cup to her rosy lips
 An drank, ' Young man, now '

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed ;
'But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect ;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

' Haud aff your hands, young man,' she says,
' And dinna sae uncivil be :
If ye hae onie love for me,
O wrang na my virginity !'

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinklin in her ee;
 I said, 'My lassie, dinna cry,
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.'

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
 And made them a' in sarks to me:
 Blythe and merry may she be—
 The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonie lass made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me!

THE UNION.*

TUNE—'SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.'

FAREWEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory!
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd¹ in martial story!
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands;
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

VAR. ¹ kend.

* This song occurs in Johnson's Museum, but without Burns' name. This copy has been collated with one in his autograph.

What guile or force could not subdue,
 Through many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors' wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station,
 But English gold has been our bane,
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld grey head had lien in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
 But pith and power, till my last hour
 I'll mak this declaration,²
 We're bought and sold for English gold:
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

THERE WAS A BONIE LASS.*



HERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie,
 bonie lass,
 And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear;
 Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie
 frae her arms,
 Wi' monie a sigh and tear.

VAR. ² I'll breathe this exclamation.

* This song is in Johnson's Museum, with Burns' name attached to it.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
 He still was a stranger to fear:
 And nocht could him quell, or his bosom assail,
 But the bonie lass he lo'ed sac dear.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY

TUNE—' HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT '

MY Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strade he on the plain!
 But now he's banish'd far away
 I'll never see him back again.

CHORUS.

O for him back again,
 O for him back again,
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen;
 I sit me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.
 O for him, &c.

This song occurs in the Museum, but without Burns' name. "The oldest title," says Burns, "I ever heard to this air was 'The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland.' The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine." The Highland Watch, is the gallant 42nd regiment, and Highland Harry, Prince Henry Stuart, the last male of the royal house.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain,
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again!
 O for him, &c.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.*

TUNE—'JOHNNY M'GILL'



WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie
 Dunbar?
 O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie
 Dunbar?

Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
 I care na thy kin. sae high and sae lordly:
 But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

WEE WILLIE.†



WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
 Peel a willow-wand to be him boots
 and jacket:
 The rose upon the brier will be him
 trouse and doublet,

* This is also in the Museum, and is there said to have been written for that work by Burns.

† This song is in the Muscal Museum, p. 530, and is there said to have been written, for that work, by Burns.

The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and
doublet!

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

CRAIGIE-BURN-WOOD.*

CHORUS.

BEYOND thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie.
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's lud in the bed beyond thee.

* Burns wrote to Thomson, April, 1793. "There is one sentimental song of mine in the Museum, which never was known out of the immediate neighbourhood, until I got it taken down from a country girl's singing. It is called 'Craigieburn Wood,' and in the opinion of Mr. Clarke is one of our sweetest Scottish songs. He is quite an enthusiast about it, and I would take his taste in Scottish music against the taste of most connoisseurs."

On the 19th October, 1794, he wrote, "I hope Clarke will persuade you to adopt my favourite, 'Craigie burn-wood' in your selection. it is as great a favourite of his as of mine. The lady on whom it was made is one of the finest women in Scotland, and, in fact (*entre nous*), is in a manner to me what Sterne's Eliza was to him—a mistress, a friend, or what you will, in the guileless simplicity of Platonic love. (Now don't put any of your squinting constructions on this, or have any clishmaclavier about it among our acquaintances.) I assure you that to my lovely friend you are indebted for many of your best songs of mine. Do you think that the sober, gin-horse routine of existence could inspire a man with life, with love, and joy—could fire him with enthusiasm, or melt him with pathos, equal to the genius of your book?—No! no!—Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song; to be in some degree equal to

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn-wood,
 And blythely awakens the morrow;
 But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn-wood
 Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
 Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But pleasure they hae nane for me,
 While care my heart is wringing.
 Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maun na tell,
 I dare na for your anger;

your diviner airs—do you imagine I fast and pray for the divine emanation? *Tout au contraire!* I have a glorious recipe—the very one that for his own use was invented by the divinity of healing and poetry, when erst he piped to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself in a regimen of admiring a fine woman; and in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses. The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile, the divinity of Helicon!"

In November following, he said, "I thank you for admitting 'Craigie-burn-wood;' and I shall take care to furnish you with a new chorus. In fact, the chorus was not my work, but a part of some old verses to the air. If I can catch myself in a more than ordinarily propitious moment, I shall write a new 'Craigie-burn-wood' altogether, my heart is much in the theme."

"The song," Burns elsewhere says, "was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Loumer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigie-burn-wood. The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad." The heroine was the Chloris of so many of his songs; but the poet's verses and the lover's eloquence alike failed, as she married Mr. Whelpdale.

But secret love will break my heart
 If I conceal it langer.
 Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonie,
 But oh, what will my torments be,
 If thou refuse thy Johnie.
 Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
 Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
 An' a' my days o' life to come,
 I'll gratefully adore thee.
 Beyond thee, &c.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER!

TUNE—'THE JOB OF JOURNEY-WORK.'



ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
 And tho' he be the fautor;
 Altho' my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here's his health in water!

* This song was published in the Museum, vol. iii. p. 494, but without the name of the author. Allan Cunningham says it has been asserted that Burns wrote it in humorous allusion to the condition in which Jean Armour found herself before marriage.

LADY ONLIE.*

TUNE—'THE RUFTIAN'S RANT.'



' THE lad's o' Thornie-bank,
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 They'll step in an' tak' a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!

Ladie Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews good ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her gude ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty chucky;
 And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
 Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her gude ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky

* This song occurs in the Musical Museum, vol. iv. p. 164, but without any name. Part of it is certainly old; and it is impossible to say how much of it was written by Burns.

AS I WAS A WANDERING.*

TUNE—'RINN MEUDIAL MO MHEALLADH'




AS I was a wand'ring ae midsummer
 e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were making
 their game;
 Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
 Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi'
 him;
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I could na get sleeping till dawin for greetin',
 The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain.
 Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
 For, oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

* This song occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 359, but it is not attributed to Burns in that work. Of the fragment beginning "As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring," which was printed in Cromek's Reliques, from a copy in Burns' own writing, Gilbert Burns, in a letter to Cromek in February, 1809, says, "they are not my brother's, but were sung by every ploughman and ploughman's mistress in Ayrshire before he was born."


Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win ;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

eel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi'
 him,

I may be distress'd, but I winna complain ;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—'THE KILLOGIE.'

ANNOCKS o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley ;
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley.

Wha in a brulzie
 Will first cry a parley ?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley

Bannocks o' bear meal,
 Bannocks o' barley ;
 Here's to the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley.

This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 489, but without Burns' name.

Wha in his wae-days
 Were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISHED FRESH
 AND FAIR.

TUNE—'AWA WHIGS, AWA.'

CHORUS.



WA Whigs, awa!
 Awa Whigs, awa!
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
 Ye'll do nae good at a'.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
 And bonie bloom'd our roses;
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,
 And wither'd a' our posies.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—
 Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't;
 And write their names in his black beuk,
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

This song was altered by Burns, from some old Jacobite verses, for the Museum, where it occurs (p. 272), but without his name.

Our sad decay in Church and State
 Surpasses my deservin',
 The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
 And we hae done wi' thriving.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 But we may see him wauken;
 Gude help the day when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin

Awa Whigs, awa'!
 Awa Whigs, awa'!
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
 Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

PEG-A-RAMSEY.*

TUNE—'CAULD IS THE E'ENIN' BLAST.'



CAULD is the e'enin' blast
 O' Boreas o'er the pool,
 And dawin' it is dreary
 When birks are bare at Yule.

O bitter blaws the e'enin' blast
 When bitter bites the frost,
 And in the mirk and dreary drift
 The hills and glens are lost.

This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 603, with Burns' name.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
 That drifted o'er the hill,
 But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey
 Gat grist to her mill.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

TUNE—'O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.'



COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Tho' some there be abhor him :
 But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him !

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
 And sun that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.

Though this song is in the Museum, p. 145, Burns' name is not attached to it. Mr. Allan Cunningham says, "some of the lines are old, and some are from the pen of Burns. The second stanza is his, and most of the third."

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie!

BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.*

TUNE—'GALLA WATER.'

CHORUS.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla Water;
 O braw lads of Galla Water;
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

* This song was published in the Musical Museum, p. 181, but without the name of the author. The following very different version was sent by Burns to Thomson's Collection in January, 1793, where it occurs (vol. i p. 11,) with his name.

BRAW braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 Ye wander through the blooming heather;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss among the heather,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
 Down amang the broom, my dearie,
 The lassie lost a silken snood,
 That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
 Braw, braw lads of Galla Water,
 O braw lads of Galla Water.
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.*

TUNE—'COMING THROUGH THE RYE.'



COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

This song is attributed to Burns in the Musical Museum, p. 430. Another version, in the same work, is as follows, but it is not said to have been written by him:

Gin a body meet a body, comin thro' the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body, need a body cry;

Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
 Coming through the rye;
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need the world ken?
 Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.


Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I;
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I?

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well,
 Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell;
 Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I,
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I?

Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the town,
 Gin a body kiss a body, need a body gloom;
 Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane hae I,
 But a' the lads they loe me, and what the war am I?

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

TUNE—'JACKY LATIN.'


 AT ye me, O gat ye me,
 O gat ye me wi' naething?
 Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
 A mickle quarter basin.
 Bye attour, my gutcher has
 A hich house and a laigh ane,
 A' forbye, my bonie sel',
 The lass of Ecclefechan.

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
 O haud your tongue and jauner;
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander:
 I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure;
 But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
 Wad airt me to my treasure.

Allan Cunningham says, "During the Poet's first visit to Annandale, an old song called 'The Lass of Ecclefechan' was sung to him, with which he was so amused that he noted it down; and at a leisure moment, rendered the language more delicate, and the sentiments less warm, and sent it to the Musical Museum, where it occurs, (p. 442,) but without Burns' name."

GUDEWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.*



ANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.

CHORUS.

Then gudewife count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then gudewife count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple folk maun fecht and fen;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then gudewife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
Then gudewife, &c.

* Published with Burns' name, in the Musical Museum, p. 323. A somewhat similar song by him, "Landlady, count the lawin, the day is near the dawin," will be found at page 167.

HAD I THE WYTE.*

TUNE—'HAD I THE WYTE SHE BADE ME.'



HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
 Had I the wyte she bade me;
 She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
 And up the loan she shaw'd me;
 And when I wadna venture in,
 A coward loon she ca'd me;
 Had kirk and state been in the gate,
 I lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
 And bade me make nae clatter;
 'For our ramgunshoch glum gudeman
 Is out and owre the water.'
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
 When I did kiss and dawte her,
 Let him be planted in my place,
 Syne say I was the fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
 Could I for shame refused her?
 And wadna manhood been to blame,
 Had I unkindly us'd her?

* This song was published in the Musical Museum, p. 427,
 with Burns' name.

He clawed her wi' the ripplin-kame;
 And blue and bluidy bruised her;
 When sic a husband was frae hame,
 What wife but had excused her?

I dighted ay her een sac blue,
 And bann'd the cruel randy;
 And weel I wat her willing mou'
 Was e'en like sugar-candy.
 A gloamin-shot it was I trow,
 I lighted on the Monday;
 But I cam through the Tysday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

HEE BALOU.

TUNE—'THE HIGHLAND BALOU.'



HEE balou! my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture o' the great Clanronald;
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief
 Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie,
 An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie;
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

* Published in the Musical Museum, but without the name of the author. The first verse, says Cromek, in his edition of *Select Songs*, p. 63, is a Highland balou, or nursery song.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou further :
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countree
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

TUNE—'JUMPIN' JOHN.'



ER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad ;
 Forbidden she wadna be :
 She wadna trow't, the browst she brew'd
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonie lassie,
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty gude shillin's and three ;
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
 The lass with the bonie black e'e.
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonie lassie,
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonie lassie.

This is said to consist partly of an old ballad, and to have been partly written by Burns. It occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 145, but not with his name.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONIE LASS.

TUNE—'LAGGAN BURN'



HERE'S to thy health, my bonie lass,
Gude night, and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come nae mair to thy bower door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.

O dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee:

I vow and swear I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry;

I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time hae I to tarry.

I ken thy friends try ilka means,
Frae wedlock to delay thee;
Depending on some higher chance—
But fortune may betray thee..

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me;

But I'm as free as any he,
Sma' siller will relieve me.

I count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:

I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment.

* This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 511, with Burns' name to it.

But far aff fowls hae feathers fair,
 And ay until ye try them :
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,
 They may prove waur than I am.
 But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright-
 . My dear, I'll come and see thee ;
 For the man that lo'es his mistress weel
 Nae travel makes him weary.

2

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

TUNE—'THE DUSTY MILLER.'



HEY, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty coat ;
 He will win a shilling,
 Or he spend a groat.
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty sack ;
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck.
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller ;
 I wad gie my coatie
 For the dusty miller.

* This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 151, but has not the name of the author attached to it.

THE CARDIN' O'T.*

TUNE—'SALT FISH AND DUMPLINGS.'



COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
 To make a cot to Johnny o't;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 I lo'e him best of ony yet.
 The cardin' o't, the spannin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't,
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And tho' his brow be beld aboon;
 Yet I hae seen him on a day,
 The pride of a' the parishen.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin o't.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.†

TUNE—'MAGGY LAUDER.'



MARRIED with a scolding wife
 The fourteenth of November;
 She made me weary of my life,
 By one unruly member.

* This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 449, but not with Burns' name to it.

† Published in the Musical Museum, p. 99, but not with Burns' name.

Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended ;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together ;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I know not whither :
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her ;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder ,
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONIE MARY.*

TUNE—'THE RUFFIAN'S RANT.'



N coming by the brig o' Dye,
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
 As day was dawning in the sky
 We drank a health to bonie Mary.
 Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary,
 Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary;
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
 Her haffet locks as brown's a berry,
 An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile
 The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.
 Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary.
 Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary,
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie
 Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.

We lap an' danced the lee-lang day,
 Till piper lads were wae an' weary,
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay
 For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.

* This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 164, but not with Burns' name. It is there set to the tune of the Ruffian's Rant, together with the song "A' the lads of Thorncleugh bank," which is also ascribed to him.

Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary,
 Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary;
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie
 Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.

THE FAREWELL.

TUNE—'IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.'



It was a' for our rightfu' King,
 We left fair Scotland's strand;
 It was a' for our rightfu' King
 We e'er saw Irish land,
 My dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain;
 My love and native land farewell,
 For I maun cross the main,
 My dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right, and round about
 Upon the Irish shore;
 And gae his bridle-reins a shake,

* It seems very doubtful how much, even if any part, of this song was written by Burns. It occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 513, but not with his name.

With adieu for evermore,
 My dear ;
 With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main ;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again,
 My dear ;
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep ;
 I think on him that's far awa',
 The lee-lang night, and weep,
 My dear ;
 The lee-lang night, and weep.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE.

TUNE—'THE MAID'S COMPLAINT.'



T is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Although thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire

This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 343, with Burns' name. He says of it, "These were originally English verses;—I gave them their Scots dress."

Something, in ilka part o' thee,
 To praise, to love, I find ;
 But dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee .
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.*

TUNE—'JAMIE, COME TRY ME.'

CHORUS.

JAMIE, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me ;
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
 Could I deny thee ?
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 238, but without the name of the author.

If thou should kiss me, love,
 Wha could espy thee?
 If thou wad be my love,
 Jamie, come try me.
 Jamie, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me;
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN.*

TUNE—'HEY, TUTTI, TAITI'

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
 The day is near the dawin;
 Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
 And I'm but jolly fou.
 Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now?

Cog an' ye were ay fou,
 Cog an' ye were ay fou,
 I wad sit and sing to you
 If ye were ay fou.


Weel may ye a' be!
 Ill may we never see!

* Published in the Musical Museum, p. 178, but not with Burns' name. Only two of the verses were written by him, the last being taken from an old song.

God bless the King, boys,
 And the companie !
 Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now ?

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

TUNE—'LADY BADINSCOTH'S REEL.

Y love she's but a lassie yet ;
 My love she's but a lassie yet ;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O ;
 Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O !

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't ;
 The munster kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

* Part only of this song appears to have been written by Burns. It is in the Musical Museum, p. 234, but without the name of the author.

MY HEART WAS ANCE.*

TUNE—' TO THE WEAVERS GIN YE GO '



Y heart was ance as blythe and free
 As simmer days were lang,
 But a bonie, westlin weaver lad
 Has gart me change my sang.
 To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
 To the weavers gin ye go ;
 I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
 To the weavers gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,
 To warp a plaiden wab ;
 But the weary, weary warpin o't
 Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonie westlin weaver lad
 Sat working at his loom ;
 He took my heart as wi' a net.
 In every knot and thrum.

"The chorus" of this song, which occurs in the Musical Museum, Burns says, "is old, the rest of it is mine." He adds, as if he were not satisfied with it, "And once for all, let me apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words: in the hurry of other avocations if I could string a parcel of rhymes together anything near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet indeed whose every performance is excellent."

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
 And ay I ca'd it roun',
 But every shot and every knock,
 My heart it gae a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west
 Wi' visage pale and wan,
 As my bonie westlin weaver lad
 Convoy'd me thro' the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,
 Shame fa' me gin I tell;
 But oh! I fear the kintra soon
 Will ken as weel's mysel.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
 To the weavers gin ye go;
 I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
 To the weavers gin ye go.

LOVELY DAVIES

TUNE—'MISS MUIR.'



HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
 The poet's occupation,
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whisper inspiration?

* The "lovely Davies" of this song, which occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 360, without Burns' name, has been already described

Even they maun dare an effort mair,
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms o' lovely Davies.
Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phcebus in the morning,
When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
When winter-bound the wave is ;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That maks us mair than princes ;
A scepter'd hand, a King's command,
Is in her darting glances :
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is ;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.
My Muse to dream of such a theme,
Her feeble powers surrender ;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour :
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is ;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms o' lovely Davies.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.¹

TUNE—'O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE.'



KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie!
 O Kenmure's on and awa!
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
 Success to Kenmure's band;
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
 O Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—
 And that their faes shall ken.

* Mr. Allan Cunningham expresses great doubt "whether to ascribe this song wholly to Burns, or to give to his pen only the second and third stanza. That it is partly old," he says, "I never heard doubted. and that it refers to the fortunes of the gallant Gordons, of Kenmure, in the fatal 'Fifteen' is quite evident." It is in the Musical Museum, p. 370, but not with Burns' name.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie !
 They'll live or die wi' fame ;
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie !
 Here's him that's far awa ,
 And here's the flower that I love best—
 The rose that's like the snaw !

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.*

TUNE—'O MOUNT AND GO.'

CHORUS.



MOUNT and go,
 Mount and make you ready ;
 O mount and go,
 And be the Captain's Lady.

When the drums do beat,
 And the cannons rattle,
 Thou shalt sit in state,
 And see thy love in battle.

This song is in the Musical Museum, p 242, but without Burns' name. Mr. Allan Cunningham attributes it to him, upon the authority of Cromek, who said he had seen a copy in Burns' own hand-writing, among Johnson's papers. Mr. Allan Cunningham has himself written a song, with this title in Thomson's Collection, (vol. v. p 25,) the first verse of which is the same. A Song called "The Captain's Lady," but with very different words, is, or was, well known in the Navy.

When the vanquish'd foe
 Sues for peace and quiet,
 To the shades we'll go,
 And in love enjoy it.

O mount and go,
 Mount and make you ready
 O mount and go,
 And to the Captain's Lady.

LADY MARY ANN.*

TUNE—' CRAIGTOWN'S GROWING.'



LADY Mary Ann
 Looks o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three bonie boys
 Playing at the ba';
 The youngest he was
 The flower amang them a';
 My bonie laddie's young,
 But he's growin' yet.

O father! O father!
 An' ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year
 To the college yet.

* This song occurs at p. 390 of the Musical Museum, but without Burns' name.

We'll sew a green ribbon
Round about his hat,
And that will let them ken
He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann
Was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell,
And bonie was its hue !
And the langer it blossom'd
The sweeter it grew ;
For the lily in the bud
Will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran
Was the sprout of an aik ;
Bonie and bloomin'
And straught was its make :
The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag
O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane
When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa
~~That~~ we hae seen ;
But far better days
I trust will come again,
For my bonie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.



H ! I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Skipping on yon bonie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest o' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine ;
For Donald was the brawest lad,
And Donald he was mine.

* This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 514, but not with Burns' name. It is said to be a version of a Highland Lament for the ruin which followed the rebellion of 1745.

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
 Sae far to set us free ;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,
 For Scotland and for me.

Their wae fu' fate what need I tell,
 Right to the wrang did yield :
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden's field.

Oh ! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
 Nae woman in the world wide
 Sae wretched now as me.

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

TUNE—'LORD BREADALBANE'S MARCH.'



MERRY hae I been teethin' a heckle,
 And merry hae I been shapin' a
 spoon ;

O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
 And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
 O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
 An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
 A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
 And a' the lang night as happy 's a King.

* This song does not appear to be in the Musical Museum, or in Thomson's Collection. No account is known of its history.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave :
 Bless'd be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
 And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave.
 Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
 An' come to my arms, and kiss me again !
 Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie !
 And bless'd be the day I did it again.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

TUNE—'RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.'



RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
 O, he held to the fair,
 An' for to sell his fiddle,
 An' buy some other ware ;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his ee ;
 And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine ;

* "The last stanza of this song," Burns says, "is mine: it was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq. Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Ciochallan corps, a Club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments." It occurs, with Burns' name, in the *Musical Museum*, p. 222.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine !-
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' would think I was mad ;
 For mony a rantin' day
 My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit ben-
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie
 Was sitting at yon board en',
 Sitting at yon board en',
 And amang guid companie ;
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me !

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.*



MALLY'S meek, Mally's sweet,
 Mally's modest and discreet,
 Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
 Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
 A barefit maid I chanced to meet ;
 But O the road was very hard
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
 Were weel laced up in silken shoon,

* This song was almost Burns' last contribution to the Musical Museum, where it occurs, p. 617, with his name.

And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

SAE FAR AWA.*

TUNE—'DALKEITH MAIDEN BRIDGE



SAD and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa ;
Unknowing what my way may thwart
My native land sae far awa.

Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this fair sae far awa,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa :
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh ! she is sae far awa.

* Of this song all which can be said is, that it occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 461, with Burns' name.

Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but her's, sae far awa ;
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than her's, the fair sae far awa.

O STEER HER UP.*

TUNE—' O STEER HER UP, AND HAUD HER GAUN.'



STEER her up, and haud her gaun—
 Her mother's at the mill, jo ;
 And gin she winna take a man,
 E'en let her take her will, jo :
 First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
 And ca' another gill, jo,
 And gin she take the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate,
 An' gin she take it ill, jo,
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
 And time nae longer spill, jo :
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
 But think upon it still, jo ;
 Then gin the lassie winna do't,
 Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

* The first four lines of this song, which occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 520, with Burns' name, are old.

But I'll big a bower on yon bonie banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
 And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

THE FETE CHAMPETRE.*

TUNE—'KILLIECRANKIE.'



WHA will to Saint Stephen's house,
 To do our errands there, man?
 O wha will to St. Stephen's house,
 O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?
 Or will we send a man-o'-law?
 Or will we send a sodger?
 Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
 The meikle Ursa-Major?

* The occasion of this ballad, which Burns sent to Mr. Thomson in December, 1794, is thus stated by Mr. Allan Cunningham, on the authority of Gilbert Burns "When Mr. Cunninghame, of Enterkin, came to his estate, two mansion-houses on it, Enterkin and Anbank, were both in a ruinous state. Wishing to introduce himself with some eclat to the county, he got temporary erections made on the banks of Ayr, tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, for a supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the county were invited. It was a novelty in the county, and attracted much notice. A dissolution of parliament was soon expected, and this festivity was thought to be an introduction to a canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were spoken of, particularly Sir John Whitefoord, then residing at Cloncard, commonly pronounced Glencard, and Mr. Boswell, the well known biographer of Dr. Johnson. The political views of this festive assemblage, which are alluded to in the ballad, if they ever existed, were, however, laid aside, as Mr C. did not canvass the county."

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man ?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man ?
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Anither gies them clatter ;
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
He gies a Fête Champetre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay green-woods amang, man ;
Where gathering flowers and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man ;
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss
Sir Politics to fetter,
As their's alone, the patent-bliss,
To hold a Fête Champetre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man :
She summon'd ever social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champetre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
And Cynthia's ear, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man :


Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
 Or down the current shatter;
 The western breeze steals through the trees,
 To view this Fête Champetre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats!
 What sparkling jewels glance, man!
 To Harmony's enchanting notes,
 As moves the mazy dance, man!
 The echoing wood, the winding flood,
 Like Paradise did glitter,
 When angels met, at Adam's yett,
 To hold their Fête Champetre.

When Politics came there, to mix
 And make his ether-stane, man!
 He circled round the magic ground,
 But entrance found he nane, man.
 He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
 Forswore it, every letter,
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share
 This festive Fête Champetre.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.*

TUNE—'AY WAUKIN O.'

IMMER'S a pleasant time,
 Flow'rs of ev'ry colour;
 The water rins o'er the heugh,
 And I long for my true lover.

* This song occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 222, but without Burns' name. It is said that the first verse only was

Ay waukin O,
 Waukin still and wearie:
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleeping;
 I think on my bonie lad
 And I bleer my een with greetin'.
 Ay waukin O,
 Waukin still and wearie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

TUNE—'TO DAUNTON ME.'



HE blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
 The summer lilies bloom in snaw,
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
 But an auld man shall never daunton me.

written by him, but in the song "Whan I sleep I dream," postea, a different version of the last two verses will be found, which has been printed from a copy in his own hand.

Published in the Musical Museum, p. 190, but without Burns' name.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see ;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,
Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd ee—
That auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see ;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.*

TUNE—'IF THOU'LT PLAY ME FAIR PLAY.'



HE boniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
Bonie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonie Lawland lassie.
Glory, Honour, now invite,
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For freedom and my King to fight,
Bonie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake;
Bonie Highland laddie.

* This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 481, but it has not Burns' name to it. Allan Cunningham says, it was founded upon a long ditty, called "The Highland lad, and Lowland lass."

Go, for yoursel procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful King his crown
 Bonnie Highland laddie !

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.*

TUNE—'BAB AT THE BOWSTER'




HE cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa,
 And ca'd the girrs out owre us a'—
 And our gude-wife has gotten a ca'
 That anger'd the silly gude-man, O.
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door ;
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 And cover him under a mawn, O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
 Wi', Deil hae her ! and, Deil hae him !
 But the body was sae doited and blin',
 He wist na where he was gaun, O.
 They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
 'Till our gude-man has gotten the scorn ;
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
 And swears that they shall stan', O.
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door ;
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 And cover him under a mawn, O.


This song occurs in the Musical Museum with Burns' name.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME

 HE noble Maxwells and their powers
 Are coming o'er the border,
 And they'll gae bigg Terreagle's towers,
 An' set them a' in order,
 And they declare Terreagle's fair,
 For their rhode they choose it;
 There's no a heart in a' the land,
 But's lighter ~~at~~ the news o't.
 Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather;
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather:
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyful morrow;
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

THE TAILOR.†

TUNE—'THE TAILOR FELL THRO' THE BED, THIMBLES AN' A'.'

 HE Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles
 an' a',
 The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles
 an' a';

* These verses are in the Musical Museum, p. 375, but not with Burns' name to them. They have been collated with a copy in the Poet's own hand.

† The second and fourth stanzas of this song, Burns says,

The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were
 sma',
 The Tailor fell thro' the bed, thimbles an' a .

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill ;
 The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
 She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man ;
 Gie me the groat again, canny young man ;
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
 The dearest siller that ever I wan !

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
 To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

THE TITHER MORN.*



HE tither morn,
 When I forlorn,
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,
 I did na trow,

were written by him, the remainder being very old. The air is the march of the Corporation of Tailors, and is played at their annual elections and processions. It is in the Musical Museum, p. 221, but without Burns' name.

* "The tune," of this song, Burns says, "is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song." It occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 355, but his name is not to it.

I'd see my Jo,
Beside me, gain the gloaming.
But he sae trig,
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtlingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck,
Did least expec',
To see my lad so near me.

His Bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush^A when first he clasp'd me ;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me,
Deil tak' the war !
I late and air,
Hae wish'd since Jock departed ;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blythe and merry,
I car'd na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny :
At kirk and fair,
I'se ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.*

TUNE—'KELLYBURN BRAES.'



HERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes
(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi'
thyme),

And he had a wife was the plague o' his
days ;

And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen

(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),

He met wi' the Devil ; says, ' How do you fen ?'

And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

' I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint'

(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),

' For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint ;

And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

' It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave'

(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),

' But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,'

And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

* This song, which is in the Musical Museum, p. 392, with Burns' name, is one to which, in his wife's homely but expressive phrase, the Poet gave a "terrible brushing." Indeed so much of it is his own that it is scarcely possible to point out what is not.

' O welcome, most kindly,' the blythe carle said
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme)
 ' But if ye can match her, ye're waur nor ye' self ca'd,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme)
 Syne bad her gae in, for a b—h and a w—c,
 And the thyme it is wither'd and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 Whae'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee Devil looks over the wa'
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 ' O, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a','
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell
 (He, and the rue grows bonie with thyme),
 He was not in wedlock, thank heav'n, but in hell,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

' I hae been a Devil the feck o' my life'
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme),
 ' But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife ;'
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

THERE WAS A LASS.*

TUNE—'DUNCAN DAVISON.'

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The moor was drieigh, and Meg was skiegh,
 Her favour Duncan could na win;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper-pin.

This song is the Musical Museum, p. 156, but without Burns' name.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green
 Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
 And ay she set the wheel between :
 But Duncan swore a haly aith,
 That Meg should be a bride the-morn ;
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
 And flung them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house, .
 And we will live like King and Queen,
 Sae blythe and merry we will be
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
 A man may drink and no be drunk ;
 A man may fight and no be slain ;
 A man may kiss a bonie lass,
 And ay be welcome back again.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.*

TUNE—'THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.'



HE weary pund, the weary pund
 The weary pund o' tow ;
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow

* This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 362, but it is not attributed to Burns. In Thomson's Collection, vol. iv. p. 12, a new song to that tune, by Mrs. Hunter, is given, to which is added "the old song to the same air," and which, with a few trifling variations is the one in the text. Mr. Allan Cunningham does not state upon what authority he has assigned it to Burns.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint
 As gude as e'er did grow;
 And a' that she has made o' that,
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Beyont the ingle low,
 And ay she took the tither souk
 To drouk the stowrie tow.

Quoth I, For shame, y' dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap, tow!
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
 And or I wad anither jad,
 I'll wallop in a tow.
 The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow!
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—' UP WI' THE PLOUGHMAN '



HE ploughman he's a bonie lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo,
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary;
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my Dearie!
Up wi't a', &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.
Up wi't a', &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston,
The boniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
Up wi't a', &c.

Snaw-white stockins on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A gude blue bannet on his head,
And O, but he was handsome
Up wi't a', &c.

Commend me to the barn yard,
And the corn-mou, man;
I never gat my coggie fou
Till I met wi' the ploughman.
Up wi't a', &c.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.*

TUNE—'HEY CA' THRO'.'

HP wi' the carles o' Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the asses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado.


We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,
 And them that come behin',
 Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win.
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado.

* Published without Burns' name, in the Musical Museum, p. 362. "It is believed," says Allan Cunningham, "to be all from his own hand. it was never printed or heard of before."

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

TUNE—' DUNCAN GRAY.'


 WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
 Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
 When a' the lave'gae to their play,
 Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
 And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
 And a' for the girdin o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
 Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
 The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
 I tint my curch, and baith my shoon;
 Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—
 Wae on the bad girdin o't!


But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
 Ise bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

This song was first published in the Musical Museum, p. 168, but without Burns' name. Another song on the same hero, beginning 'Duncan Gray cam here to woo,' has been given previously.

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
 The beast again can bear us baith,
 And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
 And clout the bad girdin o't.

MY HOGGIE *

TUNE—'WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DIE.'

HAT will I do gin my Hoggie die?
 My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!
 My only beast, I had nae mae,
 And vow but I was vogue!

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
 Me and my faithfu' doggie;
 We heard nought but the roaring linn,
 Among the braes sae scroggie;

* Of this song, which is in the Musical Museum, p. 139, without the author's name, Burns says, "Dr. Walker, who was minister of Moffat in 1772, and is now (1791) professor of natural history in the University of Edinburgh, told the following anecdote concerning this air: he said that some gentlemen riding a few years ago through Riddlesdale, stopped at a hamlet consisting of a few houses, called Moss Platt, when they were struck with this tune which an old woman spinning on a rock at her door was singing. All she could tell concerning it was that she was taught it when a child, and it was called 'What will I do gin my Hoggie die.' No person, except a few females at Moss Platt, knew this fine old tune, which in all probability would have been lost had not one of the gentlemen, who happened to have a flute with him, taken it down."

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa'.
 The blitter frae the boggie,
 The tod reply'd upon the hill,
 I trembled for my Hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,
 The morning it was foggie ;
 An' unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
 And maist has kill'd my Hoggie.

WHERE HAE YE BEEN.

TUNE—' KILLIECRANKIE.'



W HARE hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
 Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O ?
 O, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O ?


An' ye had been whare I hae been,
 Ye wad na been so cantie, O ;
 An' ye had seen what I hae seen,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea ;
 At hame I fought my auntie, O ;
 But I met the Devil an' Dundee,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
 The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 An' Clavers got a clankie, O ;
 Or I had fed an Athole gled,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

* This song is in the Musical Museum, p. 302, without Burns' name.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.*

TUNE—' COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.'


 WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
 Came to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet
 That wanted the crown ;
 But now he has gotten
 A hat and a feather,—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver,
 And cock it fu' sprush,
 We'll over the border
 And gie them a brush ;
 There's somebody there
 We'll teach better behaviour—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

* Printed in the Musical Museum, p. 319, but not with Burns' name. It is an improved version of the older song, 'Cock up your beaver.'

THE HERON BALLADS.

FIRST BALLAD.



WHOM will you send to London town,
 To Parliament and a' that?
 Or wha' a' the country round
 The best deserves to fa' that?
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Thro' Galloway and a' that;
 Where is the laird or belted knight
 That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
 And wha is't never saw that?
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree meets
 And has a doubt of a' that?
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that;
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, an' a' that.

Tho' wit and worth in either sex,
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
 Wi' dukes an' lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that.


But why should we to nobles jouk,
 And it's against the law that;
 For why, a lord may be a gouk,
 Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A lord may be a lousy loun,
 Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
 Wi' uncle's purse an' a' that;
 But we'el hae ane frae mang oursels,
 A man we ken, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that!
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 For we're not to be bought an' sold
 Like naigs, an' nowt, an' a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, an' a' that,
 Our representative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They would be blest that saw that.

THE ELECTION.

SECOND BALLAD.

Y, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
For there will be bickerin' there ;
For Murray's light-horse are to muster,
And O, how the heroes will swear !
An' there will be Murray commander,
And Gordon the battle to win ,
Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance an' kin.

An' there will be black-lippit Johnnie,
The tongue o' the trump to them a' ;
An he get na hell for his haddin'
The Deil gets na justice ava' ;
An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy no sae black at the bane,
But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.

An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,
Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, Lord, what's become o' the head ?
An' there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes ;
A wight that will weather damnation,
For the Devil the prey will despise.

An' there will be Douglasses doughty,
New christ'ning towns far and near !
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the — o' a peer ;
An' there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,
Whose honour is proof to the storm,
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Reg^gcastle,
The body e'en let him escape !
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 'twere na the cost o' the rape.
An' where is our King's lord lieutenant,
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return ?
The billie is gettin' his questions,
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true ;
An' there will be Buttles's apostle,
Wha's more o' the black than the blue ;
An' there will be folk from St. Mary's,
A house o' great merit and note,
The Deil ane but honours them highly,—
The Deil ane will gie them his vote !

An' there will be wealthy young Richard,
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck ;
For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
His merit had won him respect

An' there will be rich brother nabobs,
Though nabobs, yet men of the first
An' there will be Collieston's whisks,
An' Quintin, o' lads not the worst.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie,
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram;
An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam;
An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
Whose honour was ever his law,
If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

An' can we forget the auld major,
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
Him only 'tis justice to praise.
An' there will be maiden Kilkerran,
And also Barskimming's gude knight;
An' there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,
Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

An' there, frae the Niddisdale's borders,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
Tough Johnnie, staunch Geordie, an' Wale,
That griens for the fishes an' loaves;
An' there will be Logan Mac Dowall,
Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
An' hey for the blessings 'twill bring!

It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 'twould make him a King;
 An' hey for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land who wi' chapels has stor'd;
 He founder'd his horse among harlots,
 But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

THIRD BALLAD.*



HA will by my troggin,
 Fine election ware;
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair.

* The public are indebted to Mr. Allan Cunningham for first inserting these Ballads in an edition of Burns' works. In a letter from him to Mr. Heron, in 1794 or 1795, he says, "I enclose some copies of a couple of political Ballads, one of which I believe you have never seen Would to Heaven I could make you master of as many votes in the Stewartry! But—

'Who does the utmost that he can,
 'Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more.'

In order to bring my humble efforts to bear with more effect on the foe, I have privately printed a good many copies of both ballads, and have sent them among my friends all about the country." "You have already, as your auxiliary, the sober deprecation of mankind on the heads of your opponents; and I swear by the lyre of Thalia, to muster on your side all the votaries of honest laughter, and far and candid ridicule" Of these ballads Mr. Cunningham observed, "These songs were written to serve Patrick Heron, of Kerroughtree, in two elections, in which he was opposed, first, by Gordon of Balmaghie, and secondly by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart. They are known to the peasantry as the Heron Ballads"

Buy braw troggin,
Frae the banks o' Dee ;
Wha wants troggin
Let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's
Fame and high renown,
For an auld sang—
It's thought the gudes were stow'd.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton
In a needle's ee ;
Here's a reputation
Tint by Balmaghie.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn ;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
So was never worn.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's its stuff and lining,
Cardoness' head ;
Fine for a sodger
A' the wale o' lead.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset
Buittles scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin shop
Quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr ;
The crest, an auld crab-apple
Rotten at the core.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle,
Sprawlin' as a taed.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast ;
By a thievish midge
They had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments
O' the ten commands ;
Gifted by black Jock
To get them aff his hands.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin ?
If to buy ye're slack,
Hornie's turnin' chapman,—
He'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

YE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

TUNE—'SHAWNBOY.'



Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
 To follow the noble vocation ;
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such
 y^e another

To sit in that honoured station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,
 As praying's the ton of your fashion ;
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
 Who marked each element's border ;
 Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
 Whose sovereign statute is order ;
 Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
 Or withered envy ne'er enter ;
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
 And brotherly love be the centre !

* This song was printed by Mr. Allan Cunningham from the original in the Poet's hand-writing, in the possession of Gabriel Neil of Glasgow, with the following note attached to it: "This song, wrote by Mr. Burns, was sung by him in the Kilmarnock Kilwinning Lodge, in 1786, and given by him to Mr. Parker, who was master of the lodge."

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.*

TUNE—'YE JACOBITES BY NAME.'



Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give
an ear;

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;

Ye Jacobites by name,

Your fautes I will proclaim,

Your doctrines I maun blame—

You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by
the law?

What is right and what is wrang by the law?

What is right and what is wrang?

A short sword and a lang,

A weak arm, and a strang

For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife?

To whet th' assassin's knife,

Or hunt a parent's life

Wi' bluidie war.

This song occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 383, but
not with Burns' name.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the
state;

Then let your schemes alone in the state;

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

And leave a man undone

To his fate.

SONG—AH, CHLORIS.*

TUNE—'MAJOR GRAHAM'



H, Chloris, since it may na be,
That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell;
My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say, I wish thee well:

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

* This song is printed, it is presumed, for the first time from a copy in the Poet's own hand. Chloris, it has been already remarked, was Miss Jean Lorrimer.

WHAN I SLEEP I DREAM.*

WHAN I sleep I dream,
 Whan I wauk I'm eirie,
 Sleep I canna get,
 For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the house are sleeping,
 I think on the bonie lad
 That has my heart a keeping.
 Ay waukin O, waukin ay and wearie,
 Sleep I canna get, for thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the house are sleeping,
 I think on my bonie lad,
 An' I bleer my een wi' greetin'!
 Ay waukin, &c.

KATHARINE JAFFRAY.†

HERE liv'd a lass in yonder dale,
 And down in yonder glen, O
 And Katharine Jaffray was her name,
 Weel known to many men. O

* This song, which very closely resembles 'Simmer's a pleasant time,' already given, is taken from a copy in Burns' own hand.

† This song is printed from a copy in the Poet's own hand

Out came the lord of Lauderdale
 Out frae the south countrie, O
 All for to court this pretty maid
 Her bridegroom for to be. O

He's tell'd her father and mother baith,
 As I hear sindry say, O
 But he has na tell'd the lass hersel
 Till on her wedding day. O

Then cam the Laird o' Lochinton
 Out frae the English border,
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 All mounted in good order.

THE COLLIER LADDIE.*



WHARE live ye my bonie lass,
 And tell me how they ca' ye?
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow my Collier laddie.

* See Crome's Select Scottish Songs, vol. i. p. 9, and vol. i. p. 60.

This song occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 372, without Burns' name, and though the way he alludes to it, 'I do not know a blyther old song than this,' makes it unlikely that he was the author (Crome's Songs, ii. 9); it is attributed to him by Mr. Allan Cunningham. A copy with trifling variations exists in the Poet's own hand.

O see ye not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawly :
They ' are mine, and they shall be thine,
If ye'll leave your Collier laddie.


And ye shall gang in rich attire,
Weel buskit up fu' gaudy ;
And ane to wait at every hand,
If ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shins on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly ;
I would turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier laddie.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spend it at night fu' brawlie ;
I can mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.

Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me ;
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fare fa' my Collier laddie.


WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS.*

HEN I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie;
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye mov^e, ye heavy hours,
 As ye were wae and weary!
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.†

TUNE—' THE CARLIN O' THE GLEN.'

OUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
 Thro' a' our lasses he did rov^e,
 And reign'd resistless King of Love:

* This song is printed from a copy in Burns' own hand; but there is no proof that it was written by him, though the internal evidence is certainly strong.

† Of this song nothing more seems to be known than that it occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 433, without a name.


WAE IS MY HEART.

WÆ is my heart, and the tear's in my ee;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless my burden I
bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures; and deep hae I loved;
Love, thou hast sorrows; and sair hae I proved:
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel its throbbings will soon be at rest.

O if I were where happy I hae been ;
Down by yon stream and yon bonie castle green :
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's ee.

EPPIE M'NAB.†



SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the
laird.

* The remark on the last song applies also to this.

† Published in the Museum, p. 346, without any name; and Burns in his notes on that work merely says, "The old song with this title has more wit than decency."

She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
 O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
 Whate'er thou has done, be it late, be it soon,
 Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

AE DAY A BRAW WOOPER.*



E day a braw wooer came down the
 lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
 But I said there was naething I hated
 like men,

The Deuce gae wi' him to believe me.

A weel stocket mailen himsel o't the laird,
 An' bridal aff han' was the proffer,
 I never loot on, that I ken'd or I car'd,
 But thought I might get a waur offer.

* This song is introduced upon the authority of the Musical Museum, p. 538, where it was published with Burns' name attached to it.

He spake o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
An' o' for my love he was diein';
I said, he might die when he liket for Jean,
The Gude forgie me for liein'.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The Deil's in his taste to gae near her)
He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think how the jade I cou'd endure her.

An' a' the niest ouk as I fretted wi' care,
I gade to the tryst o' Bulgarlock;
An' wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shouther I gie'd him a blink,
Lest neighbours should think I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
An' vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin, fu' couthie an' sweet,
An' if she'd recover'd her hearin';
An' how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet,
Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin'.

He begg'd me for Gudesake that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
An' just to preserve the poor bodie in life,
I think I will wed him to-morrow.

AWAY TO BONIE TWEEDSIDE.

BEHOLD my love how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flow'rs,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lavrock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For Nature smiles as sweet I ween,
To shepherds as to Kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,
In lordly lighted ha';
The shepherd stops his simple reed
Blythe in the birken shaw.
The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen
In shepherd's phrase will woo;
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?
These wild wood flow'rs I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine;
The courtier's gems may witness love,
But 'tis na love like mine.

This song was published by Thomson, with Burns's name, in the fifth volume of his collection; and in his sixth it again occurs harmonized for three voices, omitting some verses, and entitled, "Low down in the broom;" the verses by Burns.

THE TORBOLTON LASSES.



If ye gae up to yon hill-tap,
 Ye'll there see bonie Peggy;
 She kens her father is a laird,
 And she forsooth's a leddy.

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
 Besides a handsome fortune ·
 Wha canna win her in a night,
 Has little art in courting.


Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale,
 And tak a look o' Mysie;
 She's dour and din, a deil within,
 But aiblins she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try,
 Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny,
 If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense—
 She kens hersel she's bonie.

As ye gae up by yon hill side,
 Speer in for bonie Bessy;
 She'll gi'e ye a beck, and bid ye light,
 And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude,
 In a' King George' dominion;
 If ye should doubt the truth o' this—
 It's Bessy's ain opinion!

THE TORBOLTON LASSES.

 N Torbolton, ye ken, there are proper
young men,
And proper young lasses and a', man;
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the
Bennals,
They carry the gree frae them a', man.

Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,
Braid money to togher them a', man,
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
As bonnie a lass or as braw, man,
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man.

If ye be for Miss Jean, take this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man,
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed,
For mair than a towmond or twa, man,
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
If he canna get her at a', man.

Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,
The boast of our bachelors a', man ;
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,
She steals our affections awa, man.

If I should detail the pick and the wale
O' lasses that live here awa, man,
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine,
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naethnig at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man,
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a crow, man,
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man,
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
Twa' hundred, and white as the snaw, man,
A ten-shillings' hat, a Holland cravat ;
There are no mony poets sae braw, man.


I never had frien's, weel stockit in means,
 To leave me a hundred or twa', man,
 Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
 And wish them in hell for it a', man.*

I never was canny for hoarding o' money,
 Or claughtin't together at a', man, •
 I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
 But deevil a shilling I awe, man.

* * * * *

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

TUNE—' UP AND WAUR THEM A'.'

 HE Laddies by the banks o' Nith,
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a' Jamie,
 But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the
 King—

Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.
 Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a';
 The Johnstons hae the guidin' o't,
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa.

The day he stude his country's friend,
 Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
 Or frae puir man a blessin' wan, •
 That day the duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

But wha is he, his country's boast?
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
 There no a callant tents the kye,
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirc,;
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
 And Maxwell true o' sterling blue,
 And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.

THE BONIE LASS OF ALBANY.

TUNE—'MARY'S DREAM.'

MY heart is wae, and unco wae,
 To think upon the raging sea,
 That roars between her gardens green
 And the bonie Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood
 That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,
 But oh, alas, for her bonie face,
 They hae wrang'd the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde,
 There sits an isle of high degree,
 And a town of fame, whose princely name
 Should grace the Lass of Albany.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,
 That fills the place where she should be;
 We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
 And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,
 A false usurper wan the gree,
 Who now commands the towers and lands—
 The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
 On bended knees most ferventlie,
 The time may come, with pipe and drum,
 We'll welcome hame fair Albany.

SONG.

TUNE—'MAGGY LAUDER.'

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face
 I couldna tell what ail'd me,
 My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
 My een they almost fail'd me.
 She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
 All grace does round her hover,
 Ae look depriv'd me o' my heart,
 And I became a lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
 She's aye sae blithe and cheerie,
 She's aye sae bonie, blithe, and gay,
 O gin I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
 Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
 Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
 Or humbler bays entwining—
 I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
 Could I but hope to move her,
 And prouder than a belted knight,
 I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain
 Has gain'd sweet Jeanie's favour:

If so, may every bliss be hers,
 Though I maun never have her :
 But gang she east, or gang she west,
 'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
 While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
 She'll always find a lover.
 She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, &c.

AN' O ! MY EPPIE ! *




N' O ! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie !
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?
 By love, and by beauty,
 By law, and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair !

An' O ! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie !
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair ?
 A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair !

* This song, which has been ascribed to Burns by some of his Editors, is in the Musical Museum without any name.

GUDEEN TO YOU, KIMMER.*

UDEEN to you, Kimmer,
 And how de ye do?
 Hiccup, quo' Kimmer,
 The better that I'm fou.
 We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
 We're a' noddin at our house at
 hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
 Suppin her broo;
 Deil tak Kate
 An' she be na noddin too.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
 And how do ye fare?
 A pint o' the best o't,
 And twa pints mair.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
 And how do ye thrive;
 How mony bairns hae ye?
 Quo' Kimmer, I hae five.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johny's?
 Eh! atweel no:
 Twa o' them were gotten
 When Johny was awa.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

* These verses occur in the Musical Museum, p. 540, and are said to be "corrected by Burns."

Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo ;
 Lads like lasses weel,
 And lasses lads too.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

MORAG.*



WAT ye wha that lo'es me,
 And has ~~my~~ heart a-keeping ?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dew's o' summer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping :
 O that's the lassie o my heart,
 My lassie, ever dearer ;
 O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.
 If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming ;
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming :
 O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast heard her talking,
 And thy attention's plighted,

This song is said, in Thomson's Collection, vol. ii. p. 22, to have been written for that work by Burns; but it is not included in Mr. Cunningham's edition. Both it and Burns' "Loud blaw the frosty breezes," are set to the tune of Morag.

That ilka body talking
 But her, by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted :
 O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,—
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted ;
 O that's the lassie, &c.

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.



THAT I had ne'er been married,
 I wad never had nae care ;
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 An' they cry crowdie ever mair.
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day ;
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
 Glowrin by the hallan en' ;
 Sair I fecht them at the door,
 But ay I'm eerie they come ben.
 Ance crowdie, &c.

*This song, which is not included in Mr Cunningham's elaborate edition, occurs in the Musical Museum, p. 613. It is there said to be "corrected by R. Burns," the last verse is supposed to have been added by him.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES.*



HERE'S news, lasses, news,
 Gude news I've to tell,
 There's a boat fu' o' lads
 Come to our town to sell.
 The wean wants a cradle,
 An' the cradle wants a cod,
 An' I'll no gang to my bed
 Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
 Do what ye can,
 I'll no gang to my bed
 Till I get a man.
 The wean, &c.


I hae as gude a craft rig
 As made o' yird and stane;
 And waly fa' the ley-crap
 For I maun till'd again.
 The wean, &c.

This song is also copied from the Musical Museum, p. 609, because it is said to have been written for that work by Burns.

Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care,
 When remembrance wrecks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desart ilka blooming shore ;
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore.
 Till revenge, wi' laurell'd head
 Bring our banished hame again ;
 And ilk loyal, bonie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

THE TEARS I SHED.

 HE tears I shed must ever fall,
 I mourn not for an absent swain,
 For thought may past delights recall,
 And parted lovers meet again.
 I weep not for the silent dead,
 Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,

* Burns says, "This song of genius, which was published in the Musical Museum, p. 350, was composed by a Miss Cranstoun. It wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the music, which I added, and are the four first of the last stanza." Miss Cranstoun was the sister of George Cranstoun, Lord Cranstoun, a lord of session, and the second wife of the celebrated Dugald Stewart. She died on the 28th July, 1838, aged 71.

And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll'd between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
Even when by Death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb ;
To think that even in death he lov'd,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails ;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy :
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed, burns to destroy.

Even conscious virtue cannot cure
The pangs to every feeling due :
Ungenerous youth ! thy boast how poor,
To steal a heart, and break it too !
In vain does memory renew,
The hours once ting'd in transport's dye
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the thought to agony.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start ;

No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart !
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
Neglected, and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.





STANZAS
TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS,

BY EDWARD RUSHTON.

Poor wild, sweet uncultur'd flow'r,
Thou lowliest of the Muse's bow'r.
" Stern ruin's ploughshare, 'mang the
stowre,
" Has crush'd thy stem,"
" And sorrowing verse shall mark the hour,
" Thou bonie gem."

'Neath the green turf, dear Nature's child,
Sublime, pathetic, artless, wild,
Of all thy quips and cranks despoil'd,
Cold dost thou lie!
And many a youth and maiden mild
Shall o'er thee sigh!

Those pow'rs that eagle-wing'd could soar,
That heart which ne'er was cold before,
That tongue which caus'd the table roar,
Are now laid low,
And Scotia's sons shall hear no more
Thy rapt'rous flow.

Warm'd with "a spark o' Nature's fire,"
 From the rough plough thou didst aspire
 To make a sordid world admire;
 And few like thee,
 Oh ! BURNS, have swept the minstrel's lyre
 With ecstasy.

Ere winter's icy vapours fail,
 The violet in the uncultur'd dale,
 So sweetly scents the passing gale,
 That shepherd boys,
 Led by the fragrance they inhale,
 Soon find their prize.

So when to life's chill glens confin'd,
 Thy rich, tho' rough untutor'd mind,
 Pour'd on the sense of each rude hind
 Such sonsy lays,
 That to thy brow was soon assign'd
 The wreath of praise.

Anon, with nobler daring blest,
 The wild notes throbbing at thy breast,
 Of friends, wealth, learning unpossess'd,
 Thy fervid mind
 Tow'rs fame's proud turrets boldly press'd,
 And pleas'd mankind.

But what avail'd thy pow'rs to please,
 When want approach'd and pale disease;
 Could these thy infant brood appease
 That wail'd for bread ?
 Or could they, for a moment, ease
 Thy wo-worn head ?

Applause, poor child of minstrelsy,
Was all the world e'er gave to thee;
Unmov'd, by pinching penury
They saw thee torn,
And now, kind souls! with sympathy,
Thy loss they mourn.

Oh! how I loathe the bloated train,
Who oft had heard thy dulcet strain;
Yet, when thy frame was rack'd with pain,
Could keep aloof,
And eye with opulent disdain
Thy lowly roof.

Yes, proud Dumfries, oh! would to Heaven
Thou hadst from that cold spot been driven,
Thou might'st have found some sheltring haven
On this side Tweed:—
Yet, ah! e'en here, poor Bards have striven,
And died in need

True genius scorns to flatter knaves,
Or crouch amidst a race of slaves;
His soul, while fierce the tempest raves,
No tremor knows,
And with unshaken nerve he braves
Life's pelting woes.

No wonder, then, that thou shouldst find
Th' averted glance of half mankind;
Shouldst see the sly, slow, supple mind
To wealth aspire,
While scorn, neglect, and want combin'd
To quench thy fire.

While wintry winds pipe loud and strong,
 The high-perch'd storm-cock pours his song,
 So thy Eolian lyre was strung
 'Midst chilling times;
 Yet clearly didst thou roll along
 Thy "routh of rhymes."

And oh! that routh of rhymes shall raise
 For thee a lasting pile of praise.
 Haply some wing, in these our days,
 Has loftier soar'd;
 But from the heart more melting lays
 Were never pour'd.

Where Ganges rolls his yellow tide,
 Where blest Columbus' waters glide!
 Old Scotia's sons, spread far and wide,
 Shall oft rehearse,
 With sorrow some, but all with pride,
 Thy 'witching verse.


In early spring, thy earthly bed
 Shall be with many a wild flow'r spread;
 The violet there her sweets shall shed,
 In humble guise,
 And there the mountain-daisy's head
 Shall duly rise.

While darkness reigns, should bigotry,
 With boiling blood, and bended knee,
 Scatter the weeds of infamy
 O'er thy cold clay,
 Those weeds, at light's first blush, shall be
 Soon swept away.

And when thy scorers are no more,
 The lonely glens, and sea-beat shore,
 Where thou hast croon'd thy fancies o'er
 With soul elate,
 Oft shall the Bard at eve explore,
 And mourn thy fate.

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

EAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
 Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
 And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
 And wave thy heaths with blossoms
 red ;

But, ah ! what Poet now shall tread
 Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
 Since he the sweetest Bard is dead
 That ever breath'd the soothing strain ?

As green thy towering pines may grow,
 As clear thy streams may speed along,
 As bright thy summer suns may glow,
 And wake again thy feathery throng,
 But now, unheeded is the song,
 And dull and lifeless all around,
 For his wild harp lies all unstrung,
 And cold the hand that wak'd its sound.

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise :
In arts and arms thy sons excel ,
Tho' beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in every feature dwell ;
Yet who shall now their praises tell,
In strains impassion'd, fond and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To love, and liberty, and thee ?

With step-dame eye and frown severe
His hapless youth why didst thou view ?
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to thee were due :
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In opening youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy favouring ear he drew
To listen to his chanted rhyme.

Thy lonely wastes and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught ;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That wak'd him to sublimer thought ;
And oft thy winding dells he sought,
Where wild flowers pour'd their rathe perfume,
And with sincere devotion brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But, ah ! no fond maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd ;
His limbs enur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried :
And more to mark the gloomy void.
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day-dreams of immortality.

Yet, not by cold neglect depress'd,
With sinewy arm he turn'd the soil,
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile.
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile
The powers of fancy came along,
And sooth'd his lengthen'd hour of toil
With native wit and sprightly song.

—Ah! days of bliss, too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health from labour springs,
And bland contentment smooths the bed
And sleep his ready opiate brings;
And hovering round on airy wings
Float the light forms of young desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire.

Now spells of mightier power prepare,
Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;
Let flattery spread her viewless snare,
And fame attract his vagrant glance:
Let sprightly pleasure too advance,
Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone,
Till lost in love's delirious trance
He scorn the joys his youth has known.

Let friendship pour her brightest blaze,
Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And mirth concentrate all her rays,
And point them from the sparkling bowl;
And let the careless moments roll
In social pleasures unconfin'd,
And confidence that spurns control,
Unlock the inmost springs of mind.

And lead his steps those bowers among,
Where elegance with splendour vies,
Or science bids her favour'd throng
To more refin'd sensations rise:
Beyond the peasant's humbler joys,
And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
That waits the sons of polish'd life.

Then whilst his throbbing veins beat high
With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy,
And shroud the scene in shades of night;
And let despair, with wizard light,
Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight,
Her spectred ills and shapes of woe;

And show beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart, and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head,
The partner of his early joys;
And let his infants' tender cries
His fond parental succour claim,
And bid him hear in agonies
A husband's and a father's name.

'Tis done, the powerful charm succeeds;
His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul he bleeds,
Nor longer with his fate contends.
An idiot laugh the welkin rends
As genius thus degraded lies;
Till pitying Heaven the veil extends
That shrouds the Poet's ardent eyes.

—Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy shelter'd valleys proudly spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But never more shall poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since he the sweetest Bard is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain.





APPENDIX.





APPENDIX.

EPISTLE TO R. BURNS.

BURNS, having printed an Epistle to David Sillar, in the Kilmarnock edition in 1786 (vide vol. i. p. 133, of this edition), Sillar inserted the following Reply in the collection of his pieces in 1789. Burns' rejoinder is in vol. ii. p. 8.



WHILE Reekie's Bards your Muse com-
men',

An' praise the numbers o' your pen,
Accept this kin'ly frae a frien',

Your Dainty Davie,

Wha ace o' hearts does still remain,

Ye may believe me.

I ne'er was muckle gi'en to praisin',

Or else ye might be sure o' fraisin':

For t'ruth I think, in solid reason,

Your kintra reed

Play sweet as Robin Fergusson',

Or his on Tweed.

Your Luath, Cæsar bites right sair:

An' when ye paint the Holy Fair,

Ye draw it to a very hair ;
Or when ye turn,
An' sing the follies o' the Fair,
How sweet ye mourn !

Let Coila's plains wi' me rejoice,
An' praise the worthy Bard, whose lays
Their worth an' beauty high doth raise
To lasting fame ;
His works, his worth will ever praise,
An' crown his name.

Brave Ramsay now an' Fergusson,
Wha hae sae lang' time fill'd the Throne
O' Poetry, may now lie down
Quiet i' their urns,
Since Fame, in justice, gies the crown
To Coila's Burns.

Hail ! happy Bard ! ye're now confest
The King o' singers i' the West :
Edina hath the same exprest ;
Wi' joy they fin'
That ye're, when try'd by Nature's test,
Gude sterlin' coin.

Sing on my frien' ; your fame's secur'd,
An' still maintain the name o' Bard ;
But yet tak tent an' keep a guard :
For envy's tryin'
To blast your fame ; mair just reward
For the envyin'.

But tho' the tout o' fame may please you,
 Letna the flatt'rin ghaist o'erheeze you:
 Nier flyte nor fraise tae gar fock roose you:
 For men o' skill
 When ye write weel, will always praise you
 Out o' gude will.

Great numbers on this earthly ba',
 As soon as death gies them the ca',
 Permitted are to slide awa'
 An' straught forgot—
 Forbid that ever this should fa'
 To be your lot.

I ever had an anxious wish;
 Forgive me, Heav'n! if 'twas amiss,
 That fame in life my name would bless,
 An' kin'ly save
 It from the cruel tyrant's crush,
 Beyond the grave.

Tho' th' fastest liver soonest dies,
 An' length o' days sud mak ane wise;
 Yet haste wi' speed, to glory rise
 An' spur your horse;
 They're shortest ay wha gain the prize
 Upo' the course.

Sae to conclude, auld Frien' an' Neebor,
 Your Muse forget na weel to feed her,
 Then steer thro' life wi' birr an' vigour,
 To win a horn,
 Whase soun' shall reach ayont the Tiber
 Mang ears unborn.

SILLAR'S VERSES

OCCASIONED BY A REPLY TO BURNS' CALF.

BY AN UNCO CALF.

Vide Vol. I. p 56, 57.

A preachin' Ca'f—a Poet wearin' cloots—
Are surely ferlies 'mang the nat'ral brutes.

WERE Father Adam now tae rise,
An' view us face tae face,
I'm sure he'd scarce believe his eyes,
That he bogat our race.

Tho' in his days mischief there was,
Men still were human creatures;
An' for his children they did pass,
Tho' changed i' their natures.

Balaam, 'twas strange, an ass he heard,
Foretellin' him o' danger;
But surely cloots upon a Bard,
An' preachin' calves, are stranger

For Gude's sake, Sirs, your flytin' cease,
Misca' na ane anither;
Lest calves an' stirks, by keepin' peace,
Disgrace you a' thegither.

But if ye winna cease tae rair,
Tae rout, tae girn, an' gape,
Ye're hafflins beasts ; in naething mair,
Ye differ but the shape.

Gae satire vice ; let men alane,
Tho' diff'rent in opinion ;
Wha's right we canna always ken :
Man's mind is his dominion.

I'm sorry, Sirs, I hae't tae say,
Our passions are sae strong,
As mak us tine the heaten way,
An rin sae aften wrong.

But, Sirs, mair sorry I am still,
When without provocation,
A brother's character we'd kill,
Or bring him tae vexation.

Then for the future let's be mute,
Reverin' those above us ;
Wi' such as we, let's not dispute,
An' syne our frien's will love us.

Sae rout or no, just tak your will,
I tell you tae your face,
The ~~actions~~ actions which befit a bull
Affront the human race.

LAPRAIK'S REPLY TO BURNS' EPISTLE.

Vide Vol. I. p. 187.



FAR fam'd Rab ! my silly Muse,
That thou sae frais'd langsyne,
When she did scarce ken verse by prose,
Now dares to spread her wing.

Unconscious of the least desert,
Nor e'er expecting fame,
I sometimes did myself divert,
Wi' jingling worthless rhyme.

When sitting lanely by myself,
Just unco griev'd and wae,
To think that Fortune, fickle Joe !
Had kick'd me o'er the brae !

And when I was amaist half-drown'd
Wi' dolefu' grief and care,
I'd may-be rhyme a verse or twa,
To drive away despair.

Or when I met a chiel like you,
Sae gi'en to mirth an' fun,
Wha lik'd to speel Parnassus' hill
Azi' drink at Helicon.

I'd aiblins catch a wee bit spark
 O' his Poetic fire,
 An' rhyme awa like ane half mad,
 Until my Muse did tire.

I lik'd the lasses unco weel,
 Langsyne when I was young,
 Which sometimes kittled up my Muse
 To write a kind love sang ;

Yet still it ne'er ran in my head,
 To trouble mankind with
 My dull, insipid, thowless rhyme,
 And stupid, senseless stuff ;

Till your kind Muse, wi' friendly blast,
 First tooted up my fame,
 And sounded loud, through a' the Wast,
 My lang forgotten name.

Quoth I, " Shall I, like to a sumph,
 Sit douff and dowie here,
 And suffer the ill-natur'd warld
 To ca' Rab Burns a liar ?

" He says that I can sing fu' weel,
 An' through the warld has sent it—
 Na ; faith I'll rhyme a hearty blaud,
 Though I should aye repent it."

Syne I gat up, wi' unco glee,
 And snatch'd my grey goose quill,
 An' cry'd, " Come here, my Muse, fy come,
 An' rhyme wi' a' your skill."

Syne till't I gat, an' rhym'd away,
 'Till I hae made a book o't,
An' though I should rue't a' my life,
 I'll gie the warld a look o't.

I'm weel aware the greatest part
 (I fain hope not the whole)
Will look upon't as senseless stuff,
 And me's a crazy fool.

Whether that it be nonsense a'
 Or some o't not amiss,
And whether I've done right or wrang,
 I leave the warld to guess;

But I should tell them, by the bye,
 Though it is may-be idle,
That fint a book scarce e'er I read,
 Save ance or twice the Bible.

An' what the learned folk ca' grammar,
 I naething ken about it;
Although I b'lieve it be owre true,
 Ane can do nought without it.

But maist my life has just been spent
 (Which to my cost I feel)
In fetchin sair wi' luckless brutes,
 Till they kick'd up my heel.

Now fare-ye weel, my guid frien' Rab,
 May luck and health attend ye;
If I do weel, I'll bless the day
 That e'er I came to ken ye;

But on the tither han', should folk
 Me for my nonsense blason,
 Nae doubt I'll curse th' unlucky day,
 I listen'd to your fraisin.


May that great name that ye hae got
 Untainted aye remain !
 And may the Laurels on your head
 Ay flourish fresh and green !

The Lord maintain your honour aye,
 And then ye needna fear,
 While I can write, or speak, or think,
 I am your frien' sincere !

LAPRAIK'S SONG WHICH BURNS PRAISES

SO HIGHLY IN HIS "EPISTLE" TO HIM.

(Vide Vol. I. p. 188.)

HEN I upon thy bosom lean,
 Enraptur'd, I do call thee mine ;
 I glory in those sacred ties,
 That made us one, who once were twain.

A mut'al flame inspires us both ;
 The tender look, the melting kiss,
 Ev'n years shall ne'er destroy our love ;
 Some sweet sensation new will rise.

Have I a wish ? 'tis all for thee ;
 I know thy wish is me to please ;
 Our moments pass so smooth away,
 That numbers on us look and gaze.

Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
 They bid us live and still love on ;
 And if some cares shall chance to rise,
 Thy bosom still shall be my home.

I'll lull me there and take my rest :
 And if that ought disturb my fair,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares all out,
 And beg her not to drop a tear.


Have I a joy ? 'tis all her own ;
 Her heart and mine are all the same ;
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twin'd till death shall us disjoin.

“THE DEVIL'S ANSWER” (BY LAPRAIK)

TO THE POET'S (BURNS') “ADDRESS TO

THE DEIL.”

Referred to Vol. I. p 188, note.

HAE'ER thou be, thou art na blate,
 Wha mocks a Sp'rit o' ancient date,
 Wha 't best is in a confin'd state,
 An' canna pass
 Beyond the bounds an' limits set,
 By the first Cause.

You Poets, when you lift your pen,
A' but yoursels to me you sen';
But, by this time, thee weel I ken;
 Thou'rt my acquaintance,
These twenty years I did thee learn
 To blether nonsense.

I own man's credit was na sma',
When he was new, an' tight, an' bra;
His pow'r was great to rule o'er a'
 Things that were made;
But soon his pride did let him fa',
 For a' that's said.

Although I am a creature made,
No pow'r o'er me old Adam had,
Then why shouldst thou wi' names upbraid,
 An' so ill use me,
Wha now am chain'd by God's strong hand,
 An' can't abuse thee?

Thou ca's me Hornie, Nick, an' Clootie,
An' tells my cave is grim an' sootie;
But stop, thou'lt, may-be, be my bootie;
 I'll try my skill;
I'll gang as far as Fate will let me,
 An' wi' guid will.

I'll thee entice baith day an' night;
O' me thou need be in nae fright;
As Deil I'll ne'er come i' thy sight;
 Thou'lt still embrace
My motions, which will yield delight,
 When done wi' grace.

I know thou hast a wanton turn,
 Wi' passions stout as e'er were born :
 Thou mak'st the Maid wi' hainches roun'
 An' waist genteel,
 Wi' een jet black, an' hair nut brown,
 Thy heart she'll steal ;

Wha walks so neat, throws out her toes,
 An' minches as she past thee goes ;
 By such thou'rt hooked by the nose
 For a' thy skill ;
 Thou'lt ne'er me blame, I'm so abstruse,
 Thou'lt take thy will.

Thou tells thou ance was fear'd thysel :
 Nae wonder ! for 'tis guilt maks hell :
 Thy conscience check'd, wi' such a knell,
 Did mak thee shake,
 For naething mair than sugh o' quill
 O' duck or drake.

Thou tells, by times I travel far,
 An' that I'm neither blate nor scaur—
 Mock not ! let never guid frien's jar
 Wi' ane anither,
 Thou'rt my full mark, baith keel an' tar,
 If not a brither.

Pray R—b, the rhymer, just nae mair,
 An' o' your titles take a care ;
 Or else ye ken how ye shall fare,
 For a' your cracks,
 An' muckle-thought-o' rhyming ware,
 An' catching snacks.

An' if your mocks I more shall hear,
I, by my cavern deep, do swear,
Upo' you vengeance I will rear ;
 Thou shalt lament
What thou hast publish'd, far an' near,
 Me to affront.

With irony thou speak'st wi' glee,
Which shows thy disrespect to me ;
Bids me repent, an' then may-be
 I'll hae a stake :
I thank thee for thy wae-like e'e,
 For fashion's sake :

For o' my hopes I canna boast ;
For sure an' certain I am lost :
The sure decree 'gainst me is past,
 An canna alter !
May-be thou'lt ken't, unto thy cost,
 If I thee halter.

Thy chance is little mair than mine ;
Thou mock'st at ev'ry thing divine :
Thy rhetorick has made thee shine,
 To please the wicked ;
But ere thou round the corner twine,
 I'll hae thee nicked—



GLOSSARY.





GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, ~~us~~ commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.



<i>A'</i> , all	<i>Airn</i> , iron
<i>Aback</i> , away,	<i>Aith</i> , an oath,
aloof	<i>Aits</i> , oats
<i>Abeigh</i> , at a shy	<i>Awer</i> , an old horse
distance	<i>Aizle</i> , a hot cinder
<i>Aboon</i> , above, up	<i>Akwart</i> , awkward.
<i>Abread</i> , abroad, in sight	<i>Alake</i> , alas!
<i>Abreed</i> , in breadth	<i>Alane</i> , alone
<i>Ae</i> , one.	<i>Amaist</i> , almost
<i>Aff</i> , off, <i>Aff'loof</i> , unpremeditated	<i>Amang</i> , among.
<i>Afore</i> , before	<i>An'</i> , and, if
<i>Aft</i> , oft	<i>Ance</i> , once
<i>Aften</i> , often	<i>Ane</i> , one
<i>Aglee</i> , off the right line, wrong	<i>Anent</i> , over against
<i>Aiblins</i> , perhaps	<i>Another</i> , another
<i>Ain</i> , own	<i>Ase</i> , ashes
<i>Aul penny</i> , earnest-money	<i>Asklent</i> , askunt, aslant.
	<i>Asteer</i> , abroad, stirring

Athort, athwart.

Aught, possession; as, in a' my *ought*, in all my possession.

Auld, old.

Auld-farran, or *auld farrant*, sagacious, cunning, prudent.

Auld lang syne, older time, days of other years.

Awa, at all.

Awa, away.

Awfu', awful.

Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.

Awnie, bearded.

Ayont, beyond.

BA', ball.

Backets, ash boards.

Backlins, coming back, returning.

Bad, did bid.

Baide, endured, did stay.

Baggie, the belly.

Bannie, having large bones, stout.

Bairn, a child.

Bairntime, a family of children, a brood.

Baith, both.

Ban, to swear.

Bane, bone.

Bang, to beat, to strive.

Bardie, diminutive of bard.

Barefit, barefooted.

Barmie, of, or like barm.

Batch, a crew, a gang.

Batts, bottles.

Baudrons, a cat.

Ba'ld, bold.

Bank, bank.

Bass'nt, having a white stripe down the face.

Be, to let be, to give over, to cease.

Bea, barley.

Beastie, dimin. of beast.

Beet, to add fuel to fire.

Beld, bald.

Belyve, by and by.

Ben, into the spence, or parlour.

Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.

Bethankit, grace after meat.

Beuk, a book.

Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.

Bie, or *Bield*, shelter.

Bien, wealthy, plentiful.

Big, to build.

Biggie, building, a house.

Biggie, built.

Bull, a bull.

Bulle, a brother, a young fellow.

Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.

Birk, birch.

Birken-shaw, *Birchen-wood-shaw*, a small wood.

Birkie, a clever fellow.

Birring, the noise of part-ridges, &c when they spring.

Bit, crisis, nick of time.

Buzz, a bustle, to buzz.

Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.

Blastit, blasted.

Blate, bashful, sheepish.

Blather, bladder.

Blawd, a flat piece of any thing; to slap.

Blaw, to blow, to boast.

Bleert, bleared, sore with rheum.

- t and blin*, bleared and
nd.
ing, blazing.
um, idle talking fellow.
er, to talk idly, nonsense.
run, talking idly.
t, a little while, a smiling
ok, to look kindly; to
me by fits.
er, a term of contempt.
in, smirking.
gown, one of those beg-
rs who get annually, on
e sovereign's birth-day, a
ie cloak or gown, with a
dge.
z, blood.
tie, snivelling.
e, a shred, a large piece.
;, to vomit, to gush in-
rmittently.
ed, gushed, vomited.
e, a small gold coin.
es, spirits, hobgoblins.
e, or *bonny*, handsome,
autiful.
ock, a kind of thick cake
bread, a small jannack,
loaf made of oatmeal.
d, a board.
tree, the shrub elder;
anted much of old in
dges of barn-yards, &c.
t, behoved, must needs.
;, a hole in the wall.
h, an angry tumour.
t, vomiting, gushing out.
ing, drinking.
-kanl, cabbage.
t, bended, crooked.
chens, fern.
e, a declivity, a precipice,
ie slope of a hill.
-gin't, reel'd forward.
- Braid*, broad.
Brak, a kind of harrow.
Braunge, to run rashly for-
ward.
Brak, broke, made insolvent.
Branks, a kind of wooden
curb for horses.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
Brattle, a short race, hurry,
fury.
Bray, fine, handsome.
Braxlyt, or *brawhe*, very
well, finely, heartily.
Braxie, a morbid sheep.
Breastie, dimin. of breast.
Breastit, did spring up or for-
ward.
Breckan, fern.
Breef, an invulnerable or ir-
resistible spell.
Breeks, breeches.
Brent, smooth.
Brewin, brewing.
Brie, juice, liquid.
Brig, a bridge
Brunstane, brimstone.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Brither, a brother.
Brock, a badger.
Brogue, a hum, a trick.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Broose, broth; a race at
country weddings, who
shall first reach the bride-
groom's house on return-
ing from church.
Brough, a burgh.
Brualzie, a broil, a combustion.
Brunt, did burn, burnt.
Brust, burst.
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of
the sea among the rocks on
the coast of Buchan.

- Buckskin*, an inhabitant of Virginia.
Bught, a pen.
Bughtin-time, the tune of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
Burdily, stout-made, broad-made.
Burn-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
Bumming, humming as bees.
Bummle, to blunder.
Bummler, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat.
Burdies, diminutive of birds.
Bure, did bare.
Burn, water, a rivulet.
Burneavn, i. e. *burn the wind*, a blacksmith.
Burnie, dimin. of burn.
Bushie, bushy.
Buskat, dressed.
Busks, dresses.
Buss, shelter.
Bussle, a bustle, to bustle.
But, bot, with.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
By himself, lunatic, distracted.
Byke, a bee-hive.
Byre, a cow-stable, a sheep-pen.
C.A', to call, to name, to drive.
Ca't, or *ca'd*, called, driven, calved.
Cadger, a carrier.
Cadue, or *cadue*, a person, a young fellow.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker.
Cavn, a loose heap of stones.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh, sound, refreshing.
Canie, or *canne*, gentle, mild, dexterous.
Cannhe, dexterously, gently.
Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
Cantraup, a charm, a spell.
Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.
Careern, cheerfully.
Carl, an old man.
Carlin, a stout old woman.
Cartes, carls.
Caudron, a caldron.
Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel.
Cesses, taxes.
Chanter, a part of a bag-pipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
Chaup, a stroke, or blow.
Cheekit, cheeked.
Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.
Chael, or *cheel*, a young fellow.
Chumla, or *chimhe*, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
Chumla-lug, the fire-side.
Chattering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew; *ch-ck* for *chow*, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or *claes*, clothes.
Clauth, cloth.
Clauthing, clothing.

- Clavers*, nonsense, not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkut, wrote
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story.
Claut, snatched at, laid hold of
Claut, to clean, to scrape.
Clouted, scraped
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleeds, clothes.
Cleekit, having caught.
Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
Clunkumbell, who rings the church-bell.
Clips, sheers.
Clshmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
Clockin, hatching.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, an old name for the Devil.
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
Cluds, clouds.
Coarin, wheedling.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Cogge, dimin. of cog.
Cola, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country curs.
Collieshangie, quarrelling.
Commaun, command.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared, and disappeared by fits.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ankle or foot.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; —also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie.
Corbies, a species of the crow.
Core, corps, party, clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottage.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cove.
Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.
Cowput, tumbled.
Cowrin, cowering.
Cowte, a colt.
Cozie, snug.
Cozily, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Crack, conversation, to converse.
Crackin, conversing.
Craft, or *croft*, a field near a house (*in old husbandry*).
Craks, cries or calls incessantly, a bird.
Crambo-clink, or *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, doggerel verses.
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.

- Cranreuch*, the hoar-frost.
Crap, a crop, to crop.
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
Creel, a basket; to have one's wits in a creel, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
Creeshie, greasy.
Crood, or *croud*, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.
Crouchie, crook-backed.
Croudie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
Crowse, cheerful, courageous.
Crowely, cheerfully, courageously.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.
Crowlin, crawling.
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.
Crump, hard and brittle; spoken of bread.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
Curchie, a courtesy.
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called *curling*.
Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
Curling, a well known game on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
- Curpin*, the crupper.
Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short, 'a spoon broken in the middle.
DADDIE, a father.
Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
Damen, rare, now and then; *damen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then.
Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.
Dales, plains, valleys.
Darklin, darkling.
Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
Daur, to dare.
Daur't, dared.
Daurg, or *daurk*, a day's labour.
Davock, David.
Dawd, a large piece.
Dawwt, or *dawtet*, fondled, caressed.
Dearies, dimin. of dears.
Dearthfu', dear.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil-ma-care! no matter for all that.
Deleerit, delirious.
Describe, to describe.
Dight, to wipe, to clear corn from chaff.
Dight, cleaned from chaff.
Dights, cleans.
Ding, to worst, to push.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
Dizzen, or *diz'n*, a dozen.
Doted, stupified, hebetated.
Dolt, stupified, crazed.

Donsie, unlucky.
Dool, sorrow; to *sing dool*, to lament, to mourn.
Doos, doves.
Dorty, saucy, nice.
Douce, or *douse*, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doup, backside.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail.
Dour and *din*, sullen, sallow.
Doure, stout, durable, sullen, stubborn.
Douser, more prudent.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
Doylt, stupid.
Drop, a drop, to drop.
Dropping, dropping.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
Drift, a drove.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, part of a bagpipe.
Droop, rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
Droukit, wet.
Drounting, drawling.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water mixed; raw.
Drunty, pet, sour humour.
Dub, a small pond.
Duddie, ragged.
Duds, rags, clothes

Dung, worsted; pushed, driven.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

EE, the eye.
Een, the eyes.
E'enin, evening.
Eerie, frightened, dreading spirits.
Euld, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.
En', end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, enough.
Especial, especially.
Etile, to try, attempt.
Eydent, diligent.

FA', fall, lot, to fall.
Fa's, does fall, waterfalls.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faket, unknown.
Faurin, a fauring, a present.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Farl, a cake of bread.
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.
Fasht, troubled.
Fasteren-een, Fasten's Even.
Fauld, a fold, to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Fawson, decent, seemly.
Feal, a field, smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.
Fear't, frightened.
Feat, neat, spruce.

Fecht, to fight.
Fechten, fighting.
Fech, many, plenty.
Feket, waistcoat.
Feksfu', large, brawny, stout
Fekless, puny, weak, silly.
Fekly, weakly.
Feg, a fig.
Fende, feud, enmity.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh
 immediately under the skin;
 a field pretty level, on the
 side or top of a hill.
Fen, mud, slth.
Fend, to live comfortably.
Ferleie, or *ferley*, to wonder;
 a wonder, a term of con-
 tempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermittently.
Fidge, to fidget.
Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fier, sound, healthy; a bro-
 ther, a friend.
Fisle, to make a rustling noise,
 to fidget, a bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of
 the hindmost pair in the
 plough.
Fizz, to make a hussing noise,
 like fermentation.
Flainen, flannel.
Fleech, to supplicate in a
 flattering manner.
Fleech'd, supplicated.
Fleechin, supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow.
Flether, to decoy by fair
 words
Fletheryn, flattering.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.

Flachter, to flutter as young
 nestlings, when their dam
 approaches.
Fluckering, to meet, to encoun-
 ter with.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
Flingun-tree, a piece of timber
 hung by way of partition
 between two horses in a
 stable; a flail.
Flusk, to fret at the yoke.
Flusht, flitted
Flutter, to vibrate like the
 wings of small birds.
Fluttering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfawn, distressed, worn out,
 jaded.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgather, to meet, to en-
 counter with.
Forge, to forgive.
Forjesht, jaded with fatigue.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or
 more than enough.
Fow, a bushel, &c; also a
 pitchfork.
Frae, from.
Freath, froth.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut, or tail of the
 hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Furm, a form, bench.

Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle,
to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fy't, soiled, dirtied.

GAB, the mouth; to speak
boldly, or pertly.

Gaberlunzie, an old pedlar.

Gadsman, a ploughboy, the
boy that rides the horses
in the plough.

Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen*,
gone, *gaun*, going.

Gaet, or *gate*, way, manner,
road.

Gang, to go, to walk.

Gar, to make, to force to.

Gar't, forced to.

Garten, a garter.

Gash, wise, sagacious, talka-
tive; to converse.

Gashin, conversing.

Gaucy, jolly, large.

Gawky, half-witted, foolish,
romping.

Gear, riches, goods of any
kind.

Geck, to toss the head in wan-
tonness of scorn.

Ged, a pike.

Gentles, great folks.

Geordie, a guinea.

Get, a child, a young one.

Ghaist, a ghost.

Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*,
given.

Giftie, diminutive of gift.

Giglets, playful girls.

Gillie, a boy, servant.

Gilpey, a half grown, half in-
formed boy or girl, a romp-
ing lad, a hoyden.

Gimmer, an ewe from one to
two years old.

Gin, if, against.

Gipsey, a young girl.

Girn, to grin, to twist the
features in rage.

Gurning, grinning.

Gizz, a periwig.

Glakit, inattentive, foolish.

Glaive, a sword

Glaizie, glittering, smooth
like a glass.

Glaund, aimed, snatched.

Gleck, sharp, ready.

Gleg, sharp, ready.

Gleib, glebe.

Glen, dale, deep valley.

Gley, a squint, to squint;
agley, off at a side, wrong.

Glib-gabbet, that speaks
smoothly and readily.

Glint, to peep.

Glinted, peeped.

Glintin, peeping.

Gloamin, the twilight.

Glowr, to stare, to look, a
stare, a look.

Glowr'd, looked, stared.

Gowan, the flower of the
daisy, dandelion, hawk-
weed, &c.

Gowany, *gowany glens*, daisied
dales.

Gowd, gold.

Gowff, the game of Golf; to
strike as the bat does the
ball at golf.

Gowff'd, struck.

Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of con-
tempt.

Grane, or *grain*, a groan, to
groan.

Gowl, to howl.

Gran'd and gaunted, groaned
and grunted.

Graining, groaning.

- Graip*, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Grath, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear.
Granme, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapt, groped.
Grat, wept, shed tears.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor.
Gree't, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, crying, weeping.
Grippet, caught, seized.
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game.
Gronsone, loathsomely, grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.
Grumphi, a sow.
Grun', the ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise.
Grunzie, mouth.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Gude, the Supreme Being; good.
Guid, good.
Guid-een, good evening.
Guidfather, *guidmother*, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.
Guidman and Guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.
Guid-morning, good morrow.
Gully, or *gulle*, a large knife.
Gumbe, muddy.
Gusty, tasteful.
HA', hall.
- Ha' Bible*, the great Bible that lies in the hall.
Ha'e, to have.
Haen, had, the participle.
Haet, *sient haet*, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Haffuns, nearly half, partly.
Hag, a gulf in mosses and moors.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
Hann, to spare, to save.
Han'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Hawers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
Hal, or *hald*, an abiding place.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Haly, holy.
Hallan, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly, a seat of turf at the outside.
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
Hame, home.
Hamely, homely, affable.
Han', or *haun'*, hand.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap.
Happer, a hopper.
Happing, hopping.
Hap step an' loup, hop skip and leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.

- Hastit*, hastened.
Haud, to hold.
Haughs, low lying, rich lands, valleys.
Hauri, to drag, to peel.
Haurin, peeling.
Haverel, a half witted person, half witted.
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawke, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Heatsome, healthful, wholesome.
Heapit, heaped.
Hearse, hoarse.
Hear't, hear it.
Heather, heath.
Hech! oh! strange.
Hecht, promised to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
Heckle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
Helm, the rudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
Herrin, a herring.
Heiry, to plunder; most properly, to plunder birds' nests.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself, also a herd of cattle of any sort.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit.
Hilch, a hobble, to halt.
Hilchan, halting.
Himsel, himself.
- Hiney*, honey.
Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
Hirsle, so many cattle as one person can attend.
Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
Hutcht, a loop, a knot.
Hizzie, huzzy, a young girl.
Hodden, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
Hog-score, a kind of distance-line, in curling, drawn across the rink.
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse play, by justling with the shoulder; to jostle.
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell, pease-swade.
Hoohe, slowly, leisurely.
Hooke! take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil.
Host, or *hoast*, to cough.
Hostin, coughing.
Hosts, coughs.
Hotch'd, turned topsy-turvy, blended, mixed.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, an owl.
Houise, dimin. of house.
Hove, to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Howff, a landlady, a house of resort.
Howk, to dig.
Howkit, digged.

Howkin, digging.
Howlet, an owl.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyse, a pull upwards.
Hoyte, to amble crazily.
Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurchee, the loins, the crupper.
Hushon, cushion.

I, in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
Ilk, or *ulka*, each, every.
Ill-willte, ill-natured, malicious, niggedly.
Ingine, genus, ingenuity.
Ingie, fire, fire-place.
Ise, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukn, trifling, dallying.
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
Jaw, coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jump, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning, a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jirk, a jerk.

Jockteleg, a kind of knife.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.
Jow, to *jow*, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
Jundie, to jumble.

KAE, a daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort.
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, a peep, to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
Ken, to know; *hend* or *ken't*, knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
Kenspeckle, well known.
Ket, matted, hairy, a fleece of wool.
Kiaugh, carking, anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kammer, a young girl, a gossip.
Kin, kindred.
Kin', kind.
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kintra, country.
Kintra Cooser, country stallion.
Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn.
Kirsen, to christen, or baptize.
Kist, chest, a shop counter.

Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.

Kith, kindred

Kittle, to tickle, ticklish, difficult.

Kittlin, a young cat.

Kiuttle, to cuddle.

Kiuttlin, cuddling.

Knaggie, like *knags*, or points of rocks

Knappin, a hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.

Knowe, a small round hillock.

Knurl, dwarf.

Kye, cows.

Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.

Kyte, the belly.

Kythe, to discover, to show one's self.

LADDIE, dimin. of lad.

Laggen, the angle between the side of a wooden dish.

Laigh, low.

Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, &c.

Lairh, loath.

Lairhfu', bashful, sheepish.

Lallans, Scottish dialect

Lambie, dimin. of lamb.

Lampit, a kind of shell-fish.

Lan', land, estate.

Lane, lone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c. myself alone.

Lanely, lonely, &c

Lang, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary

Lap, did leap.

Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.

Laverock, the lark

Lawn, shot, reckoning, bill.

Lawlan, lowland.

Lea'e, to leave.

Leal, loyal, true, faithful.

Lea-riug, grassy ridge.

Lear, (pronoun. *lare*,) learning.

Lee-lang, live-long.

Leesome, pleasant.

Leeze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.

Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.

Leugh, did laugh.

Leuk, a look, to look.

Lbbet, gelded.

Laft, sky.

Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at.

Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.

Lammer, a kept mistress, a strumpet.

Limp't, lumped, hobbled.

Link, to trip along

Linkin, tripping.

Linn, a waterfall, precipice.

Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower

Lintwhite, a linnet

Loan, or *loanin*, the place of milking.

Loof, the palm of the hand.

Loot, did let

Looves, plural of loaf.

Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.

Loup, jump, leap.

Lowe, a flame.

Lown, flaming.

Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence.

Louse, to loose.

Lows'd, loosed.

Lug, the ear, a handle.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke, to smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

MAE, more.
Ma'r, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin, making
Ma'len, farm.
Maillie, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage-house where the minister lives.
Mantele, a mantle.
Mark, merks. (*This and several other nouns which in English require an s, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.*)
Mar's year, the year 1715
Mashlum, *meslin*, mixed corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
Mashin-pat, a tea-pot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawn, mowing
Meer, a mare.
Menkle, much
Melancholique, mournful.

Melder, corn, or grain, of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Messin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
Min', mind, resemblance.
Min't, mind it, resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, *murkest*, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Misca'd, abus'd.
Misleur'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mixie-mixie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiwort, a mole
Mousie, dimin. of mouse.
Muckie, or *muckle*, great, big, much.
Muse, dimin. of muse.

Mushin-karl, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.

Mutchkin, an English pint.

Myself, myself.

NA', no, not, nor.

Nae, no, not any.

Naething or *nanthing*, nothing.

Nag, a horse.

Nane, none

Nappy, ale, to be tipsy.

Neebor, neighbour.

Negleckit, neglected.

Neuk, nook.

Niest, next.

Nieve, the fist.

Nievefu', handful.

Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.

Niger, a negro.

Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.

Nit, a nut.

Norland, of or belonging to the north.

Notic't, noticed.

Nowte, black cattle.

O', of.

Ochels, name of mountains.

O haith, O faith! an oath.

Ony, or *ome*, any.

Or, is often used for *ere*, before.

O't, of it.

Owre, shivering, drooping.

Oursel, or *oursels*, ourselves

Outlers, cattle not housed.

Owre, over, too.

Owrehip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

PACK, intimate, familiar, twelve stone of wool.

Painch, paunch.

Patrick, a partridge.

Pang, to cram.

Parle, speech.

Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.

Pat, did put, a pot.

Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

Pauky, or *pawke*, cunning, sly.

Pay't, paid, beat.

Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.

Pechan, the crop, the stomach.

Peelin, peeling.

Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.

Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.

Philbegg, short petticoats worn by the Highland-men.

Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.

Phraisin, flattery.

Pibroch, a Highland war song adapted to the bagpipe.

Pickle, a small quantity.

Pine, pain, uneasiness.

Pit, to put.

Placad, a public proclamation.

Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.

Plackless, pennyless, without money.

Platie, dimin. of plate.

Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough.

Pliskie, a track

Pound, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow, for rent.

Poorthith, poverty.

Pou, to pull.

Pouk, to pluck.

Poussie, a hare, a cat.

Pout, a poult, a chick.

Pou't, did pull.

Powthery, like powder.

Pow, the head, the skull.

Pownie, a little horse.

Powther, or *pouther*, powder.

Preen, a pin.

Prent, print.

Prie, to taste.

Prie'd, tasted.

Prief, proof.

Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.

Pruggin, cheapening

Primsie, demure, precise.

Propose, to lay down, to propose.

Provoses, provosts.

Pund, pound, pounds.

Pyle, a *pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.

QUAK, to quake.

Quat, to quit.

Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

RAGWEED, herb ragwort.

Ramble, to rattle nonsense.

Rair, to roar.

Raze, to madden, to inflame
Ramfeez'd, fatigued, over-
spread

Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.

Raploch, properly a coarse cloth, but used as an adnoun, for coarse.

Rarely, excellently, very well.

Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, bush of rushes.

Ratton, a rat.

Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.

Raught, reached.

Raw, a row.

Rax, to stretch.

Ream, cream; to cream.

Reamin, brimful, frothing.

Reave, rove.

Reck, to heed.

Rede, counsel, to counsel.

Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.

Red-wud, stark mad.

Fee, half drunk, fuddled.

Reek, smoke.

Reekin, smoking.

Reekit, smoked, smoky.

Remead, remedy.

Requite, requited.

Rest, to stand restive.

Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.

Restricket, restricted.

Rew, repent.

Rief, reef, plenty.

Rief randies, sturdy beggars.

Rig, a ridge.

Rin, to run, to melt; *rinnin*, running.

Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on éca.

Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.

Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.

Rockin, spinning on the *rock*, or *distaff*.

Rood, stands likewise for the plural *roods*.

Roon', a shred.

Roose, to praise, to commend.

Round, round, in the circle of neighbourhood.

Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.

Routhie, plentiful.

Row, to roll, to wrap.

Rowt, rolled, wrapped.

Rowte, to low, to bellow.

Rowth, or *routh*, plenty.

Rowtin, lowing.

Rozet, rosin.

Rung, a cudgel.

Runkled, wrinkled.

Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.

Ruth, a woman's name, the book so called; sorrow.

SAE, so.

Soft, soft.

Sair, to serve, a sore.

Sairly, or *saurly*, sorely.

Sair't, served.

Sark, a shirt.

Sarkit, provided in shirts.

Saugh, the willow.

Saul, soul.

Saumont, salmon.

Saunt, a saint.

Saut, salt.

Saw, to sow.

Savin, sowing.

Sax, six.

Scquith, to damage, to injure, injury.

Scar, to scar, a scar.

Scaud, to scald.

Scauld, to scold.

Scaur, apt to be scared.

Scawl, a scold.

Scon, a kind of bread.

Sconner, a loathing, to loathe.

Scratch, to scream as a hen partridge, &c.

Screed, to tear, a rent.

Scrieve, to glide swiftly along.

Screvin, gleesomely, swiftly.

Scrup, to scant.

Scrupet, did scant, scanty.

See'd, did see.

Seizin, seizing.

Sel, self; a body's *sel*, one's self alone.

Sell't, did sell.

Sen, to send.

Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or did send it.

Servan, servant.

Settan, settling; to get a *settan*, to be frightened into quietness.

Sets, sets off, goes away.

Shard, a shred, shard.

Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.

Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber.

Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place.

Sheen, bright, shining.

Sheep-shank; to *thunk* one's self *nae sheep-shank*, to be conceited.

Sherra-muar, Sheriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.

Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.

Shiel, a shed.

Shill, shrill.

Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.

Shool, a shovel.

Shoon, shoes.

Shore, to offer, to threaten.

Shor'd, offered.

Shoulder, the shoulder.

Sic, such.

Sicker, sure, steady.

Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.

Siller, silver, money.

Simmer, summer.

Sin, a son.

Sin', since.

Skaith, see *scaith*.

Skellum, a worthless fellow.

Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.

Skelpin-limmer, a technical term in female scolding

Skelpin, *stappin*, walking.

Skeigh, or *Skeigh*, proud, nice, high-mettled.

Skinkin, a small portion.

Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.

Skirling, shrieking, crying.

Skirlt, shrieked.

Skient, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.

Skiented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.

Skreigh, a scream, to scream.

Slac, sloe.

Slade, did slide.

Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.

Slaw, slow.

Slee, sly; *sleest*, slyest.

Sleekit, sleek, sly.

Sliddery, slippery.

Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.

Slypet, fell.

Sma', small.

Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, seuse.

Smiddy, a smithy.

Smoor, to smother.

Smoor'd, smothered

Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.

Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.

Snapper, stumble.

Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.

Snow, snow, to snow.

Snow-broo, melted snow.

Snowie, snowy.

Sneck, latch of a door.

Sned, to lop, to cut off.

Sneeshin, snuff.

Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.

Snell, bitter, biting

Snick-drawing, tick contriving.

Snick, the latchet of a door.

Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.

Snove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.

Snouw, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.

Snouwkut, scented, snuffed.

Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.

Soom, to swim.

Sooth, truth, a petty oath.

Sough, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear.

Souple, flexible, swift.

Souter, a shoemaker.

Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of the oatmeal soured, &c. boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.

Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.

Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle

- Sowther*, solder, to solder, to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
Spaul, a lamb.
Spavnet, having the spavin.
Speat, or *spate*, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the country parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier't, inquired.
Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.
Spleughen, a tobacco pouch.
Splore, a frolic, noise, riot.
Spratle, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
Sprittie, full of sprits.
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; *will-o-wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*.
Spurtle, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scotch dish.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, a flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeel, a scream, a screech, to scream.
Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
Stagge, the dimin. of stag.
Stahwart, strong, stout.
Stan', to stand; *stan't*, did stand.
Stane, a stone.
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
Stap, stop.
Stark, stout.
Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
Staumrel, a blockhead, half-witted.
Staw, did steal, to surfet.
Steck, to cram the belly.
Steckin, cramming.
Steek, to shut, a stitch.
Steer, to molest, to stir.
Steeve, firm, compacted.
Stell, a still.
Sten, to rear as a horse.
Sten't, reared.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
Stey, steep; *steyest*, steepest.
Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
Stick an stow, totally, altogether.
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stocken', stocking; *throwing the stocken'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
Stooked, made up in shocks as corn.

Stoor, sounding hollow, strong,
and hoarse.

Stot, an ox.

Stoup, or *Stowp*, a kind of
jug or dish with a handle.

Stoure, dust, more particularly
dust in motion.

Stown, stolen.

Stownlins, by stealth.

Stoyte, stumble.

Strack, did strike.

Strae, straw; *to die a fair
strae death*, to die in bed.

Straik, did strike.

Straihit, stroked.

Strappan, tall and handsome.

Straught, straight.

Streck, stretched, to stretch.

Straddle, to straddle.

Stroan, to spout, to make
water.

Strunt, spirituous liquor of
any kind; to walk sturdily.

Studde, an anvil.

Stuff, corn or pulse of any
kind.

Stumpie, dimin. of stump.

Sturt, trouble; to molest.

Sturtin, frightened.

Sucker, sugar.

Sud, should.

Sugh, the continued rushing
noise of wind or water.

Suthron, southern, an old
name for the English na-
tion.

Swaird, sword.

Swall'd, swelled.

Swank, stately, jolly.

Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight
strapping young fellow, or
girl.

Swap, an exchange, to barter.

Swarf, swoon.

Swat, did sweat.

Swatch, a sample.

Swats, drink, good ale.

Sweaten, sweating.

Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead-
sweer*, extremely averse.

Swinge, to beat, to whip.

Swirl, a curve, an eddying
blast, a pool, a knot in
wood.

Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.

Swith, get away.

Swither, to hesitate in choice,
an irresolute wavering in
choice.

Swoor, swore, did swear.

Sune, since, ago, then.

TACKETS, a kind of nails
for driving into the heels
of shoes.

Tae, a toe; *three-tae'd*, having
three prongs.

Targe, target.

Tak, to take; *takin*, taking.

Tamtallan, Tantallon, the
name of a castle.

Tangle, a seaweed.

Tap, the top.

Tapetless, heedless, foolish.

Tarrow, to murmur at one's
allowance.

Tarrow't, murmured.

Tarry-brecks, a sailor.

Tauld, or *tald*, told.

Taupie, a foolish thoughtless
young girl.

Tauted, or *tautie*, matted to-
gether; spoken of hair or
wool.

Tawie, that allows itself peace-
ably to be handled; spoken
of a horse, cow, &c.

Teat, a small quantity.

Tedding, spreading after the mower.

Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.

Tent, a field pulpit, heed, caution, take heed.

Tentie, heedful, cautious.

Tentless, heedless.

Tough, tough.

Thack, thatch; *thack an rape*, clothing necessities.

Thae, these

Tharms, small guts, fiddle-strings.

Thankt, thanked.

Theekit, thatched.

Thegither, together.

Themsel, themselves.

Thick, intimate, familiar.

Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.

Thir, these.

Thirl, to thrill.

Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.

Thole, to suffer, to endure.

Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.

Thowless, slack, lazy.

Thrang, throng, a crowd.

Thrapple, throat, windpipe.

Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.

Thrawn, twisting, &c.

Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.

Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.

Threshin, thrashing

Threteen, thirteen.

Thrissle, thistle.

Through, to go on with, to make out.

Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.

Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.

Thumpt, thumped.

Thysel, thyself.

Till't, to it.

Timmer, timber.

Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost.

Tinkler, a tinker.

Tint the gate, lost the way.

Tip, a ram.

Tippence, twopence.

Twl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.

Twltn, uncovering.

Tither, the other.

Titile, to whisper.

Tittln, whispering.

Tocher, marriage portion.

Tod, a fox.

Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child.

Toddln, tottering.

Toom, empty.

Toop, a ram.

Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house.

Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.

Tow, a rope.

Towmond, a twelvemonth.

Towzie, rough, shaggy.

Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.

Toyte, to totter like old age.

Transmugrify'd, transformed, metamorphosed.

Trashtrie, trash.

Trews, trowsers.

Tricke, full of tricks.

Trag, spruce, neat.

Tramly, excellently.

Trow, to believe.

Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
Trysted, appointed; to *tryste*,
 to make an appointment.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in
 old times plough - traces
 were frequently made.
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel,
 to fight.
Twa, two.
Twa-three, a few.
'Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve. *twal-pennie*
 worth, a small quantity, a
 penny worth. N.B. *One*
penny English is 12*d. Scotch*.
Twin, to part.
Tyke, a dog.

UNCO, strange, uncouth,
 very, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicher, unsure, unsteady.
Unskath'd, undamaged, un-
 hurt.
Unsweeting, unwotting, un-
 knowingly.
Upo', upon.
Urchin, a hedge-hog.

VAP'RIN, vapouring.
Vera, very.
Virt, a ring round a column,
 &c.

WA', wall; *wa's*, walls.
Wabste, a weaver.
Wad, would, to bet, a bet, a
 pledge.
Wadna, would not.

Wae, woe, sorrowful.
Wae fu', sorrowful.
Waesucks! or *waes me!* alas!
 O the pity.
Waf, the cross thread that
 goes from the shuttle
 through the web; woof.
Waur to lay out, to expend.
Wale, choice, to choose.
Wal'd, chose, chosen.
Walse, ample, large, jolly;
 also an interjection of dis-
 tress.
Wame, the belly.
Wamefu', a belly-full.
Wanchance, unlucky.
Wanrestfu', restless.
Wark, work.
Wark-lume, a tool to work
 with.
Warl, or *world*, world.
Waslock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly, eager on
 amassing wealth.
Warran, a warrant, to war-
 rant.
Worst, worst.
Warsil'd, or *warsl'd*, wrestled.
Wastrie, prodigality.
Wat, wet; *I wat*, *I wot*, I
 know.
Water brose, brose made of
 meal and water simply,
 without the additions of
 milk, butter, &c.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waught, draught.
Waukt, thickened as fullers
 do cloth.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse, to worst.
Waur't, worsted.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.

- Wearie*, or weary, feeble,
mony a wearie body, many
 a different person
Weason, weasand.
Weaving the stocking. See
Stockin.
Wee, little; *wee things*, little
 ones; *wee bit*, a small mat-
 ter
Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare.
Wet, rain, wetness
Weird, fate.
We'se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Whauze, to wheeze
Whalpit, whelped
Whang, a leathern string, a
 piece of cheese, bread, &c.
 to give the strappado
Whare, where; *Wharee'er*,
 wherever.
Whase, whose.
Whatrech, nevertheless.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk;
penny-wheep, small beer.
Whud, the motion of a hare,
 running but not frightened,
 a lie.
Whudden, running as a hare
 or coney.
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies,
 crotchets.
Whingin, crying, complain-
 ing, fretting.
Whirligigums, useless orna-
 ments, trifling appendages
Whisht, silence; *to hold one's*
whisht, to be silent.
Whish, to sweep, to lash.
Whisht, ~~whist~~
Whistle, a whistle, to whistle
Whutter, a hearty draught of
 liquor
Whunstone, a whinstone.
- Whyles*, whiles, sometimes.
Wich, to strike a stone in an
 oblique direction, a term
 in culling.
Wicker, willow, (the smaller
 sort)
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wifie, a diminutive or en-
 dearing term for wife.
Wimple, to meander.
Wimpl't, meandered.
Wimplin, waving, meander-
 ing
Win, to win, to winnow.
Win't, winded, as a bottom
 of yarn.
Win', wind; *win's*, winds.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vaunted,
 gay.
Wintle, a staggering motion,
 to stagger, to reel.
Winze, an oath.
Wiss, to wish
Withoutten, without.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried,
 shrunk
Wonner, a wonder, a contemp-
 tuous appellation
Wons, dwells.
Woo', wool.
Woo, to court, to make love
 to.
Woodie, a rope, more properly
 one made of withes or wil-
 lows.
Woer-bab, the garter knotted
 below the knee with a
 couple of loops
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of plea-
 sure or wonder.

Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wrath, a spirit, a ghost, an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud, mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, beguile.
Wylhecoat, a flannel vest
Wyte, blame, to blame.

YE; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.
Yearns, longs much.

Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year, is used both for singular and plural years.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jeak
Yerkut, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Fill, ale.
Fird, earth.
Yokin, yoking, a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yoursel, yourself.
Yowe, a ewe.
Yowe, dimin. of yowe.
Yule, Christmas.





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